THE LOYAL GARLAND,

Containing choice Songs and Sonnets of our late unhappy Revolutions.

Very delightful and profitable, both to this present, and future Ages.

Published by *S. N.* A Lover of Mirth.

The fourth Edition, with Additions.

London, Printed by *T. Johnson*, for *T. Passenger* at the Three Bibles on *London*-Bridge. 1672.

Bibl. Bodl.

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THE

THE
LOYAL GARLAND.

Upon defacing of *White-hall*.

WHat Booker doth prognosticate
Concerning Kings or Kingdoms fate,
I think my self to be as wise,
As some that gazeth on the skyes:
My skill goes beyond, the depth of a Pond,
Or Rivers in the greatest rain,
Whereby *I* can tell, all things will be well,
When the King enjoys his own again.

2. There's neither Swallow, Dove, nor Dade,
Can soar more high, or deeper wade;
Nor shew a reason from the Stars,
What causeth Peace or Civil Wars:
The man in the Moon, may wear out his shoon
By runing after Charls his Wain,
But all's to no end, for the times will not mend
Till the King, &c.

3. Full forty years this Royal Crown
Hath been his fathers and his own:
And is there any one but He,
That in the same should sharers be?

For who better may, the Scepter sway,
Than he that hath such right to reign?
Then let's hope for a peace, for the Wars will not cease
Till the King enjoys, &c.

4. Though for a time we see White-hall
With Cobweb-hangings on the wall,
In stead of gold and silver brave,
Which formerly 'twas wont to have,
With rich perfume in every room,
Delightful to that Princely Train,
Which again shall be, when the time you see,
That the King enjoys, &c.

5. Dick Walker no predictions lack
In Hammonds blinde Almanack;
Foretelling things that would ensue,
That all proves right, if lies be true;
But why should not he, the pillory foresee,
Wherein poor Toby once was tyed?
And also foreknow, to'th Gallows he must go,
When the King enjoys, &c.

6. Then abaunt upon thy hill,
My hope shall cast his Anchor still,
Untill I see some peaceful *Dove, *Gen. Monk
Bring home the Branch I dearly love:
Then will I wait till the waters abate,
Which most disturbs my troubled brain,
Else never rejoyce till I hear the voice,
That the King enjoys his own again.

The

The Loyal Soldier.

When in the field of Mars we lye,
Amongst those Martial wights,
Who never daunted are to dye
For King and Country's Rights,
As on Belona's God I wait, & her attendant be,
Yet being absent from my mate, I live in mi-
2. When lofty winds aloud do blow, (sery
It snoweth, hail, or rain,
And Charon in his boat doth row,
Yet stedfast I'le remain,
And for my shelter in some barn creep,
Or under some Hedge lye,
The Round-heads which strong Castles keep,
Knows no such misery.
3. When down in straw we tumbling lye,
With Morpheus charms asleep,
My heavy, sad and mournful eye,
In security so deep,
Then do I dream within my arms
With thee I sporting lye,
Then do I dread, or fear no harms,
Nor feel no misery.
4. When all my joys are thus compleat,
The Cannons loud do play,
The Drums alarum strait do beat,
Trumpet sounds, Horse, away,
Awake I then, and nought can finde

But death attending me,
And all my joys are vanisht quite,
This is my misery.

5 When hunger oftentimes I feel,
And water cold do drink,
Yet from my Colours I'le not steal,
Nor from my KING will shrink:
No Traitor base shall make me yield,
But for the Cause I'le be:
This is my lobe, pray Heaven to shield,
And fare wel misery.

6. Then to our Arms we straight do flie,
And forthwith marech away,
Few Towns or Cities we come nigh,
Good liquor us deny:
In Lethe deep, our woes we steep,
Our Loves forgotten be,
Amongst the Jobtailes we sing,
Hang up all misery.

7. Propitious Fate then be more kinde,
Grim death lend me thy Dart,
O Sun and Moon, and else the Wind,
Great Jove take thou our part,
That of these Round-heads and their wars,
An end that we may see,
And thy great Name we'l all applaud,
And hang all misery.

The

The Holly-Bush.

Clear the eyes of the Watch,
Lazy sleep we dispatch,
From hence as far as Deptford,
For your Flock-beds and your Feather
We'l expose to the weather,
And hang all the sheets on the Bed-cord.
Then sleep, sleep, and enjoy your beds,
You quiet drowsie heads,
May the *Furies* of the night,
Scarlet Fleas you affright,
And pinch you black and yellow,
But the plump brawny Lowse
Scorns the shelter of the house,
Oh! he's the Soldiers fellow.

2. Some the Night-mare hath prest
With a weight on their brest,
The returns of their breath cannot pass;
But with us the Tale is addle,
We can take off the saddle,
And turn out the Night-mare to grass,
Then sleep, &c.

3. Now no more will we hark
To the charms of the Lark,
Nor the tunes of the early Thrush.
All the birds shall retire,
And submit to the Quire
Of we hopes in the Holly-bush.
Then sleep, &c.

4. When

4. When the Countrey Lads
With her Dapps doth pass,
Our joys no tongue can utter:
For we Centinel stand,
And exact by command,
The excize of her lips and butter.
Then sleep, &c.

The Independent Red-coat.

COme drawer, come fil us about more wine
let us merrily tipple, the day is our own
We'l have our delights, let the country go pine
Let the King and the Kingdoms groan:
For the day is our own, and so shall continue,
whilst monarchy we battle quite,
We'l spend all the Kingdoms Revenue,
and sacrifice all to delight:
'Tis power that brings us all to be Kings,
and we'l be all crown'd by our might.
2. A fig for Divinity, Learne, and Law,
and all that to Royalty do pretend,
We will by our sword keep the kingdoms in aw
and our power shall never have end:
The Church & the State we'l turn into liquor,
and spend a whole town in a day,
We'l melt all their bodies the quicker
into Sack, and so drink them away,
We'l spend the demeans o'th bishops & deans,
and over the Presbyter sway.

3. The

3. The nimble St. Patrick is sunk in a bog,
& his countrey-men sadly cry, oh hone, oh hone
St. Andrew and's Kirk-men are lost in a fog,
and we are the Saints alone:
Thus on our superiors and equals we trample
whilst Jockey the stirrop shall hold,
The Citys our Mule for example,
while we thus in plenty are roll'd,
Each delicate dish shall but answer our wish,
and our drink shall be cordial Gold.

On the London-Pamphleteers.

My quil shal not judg, nor so much as grudg
at the gains of a great Commander,
Ile onely have to do with an impudent crew,
made up of money and slander: (post,
Old Nick rules the roast of the rotten London
which in time hee'l overturn all,
The same spirit guides, and craftily confides,
with the Diary and Diurnal.
Lo now, where do you think
Boyes, lies all the Chink?
Oh the Devil hugs many a Darling.
Here's a List of the Curs, and many Revolters,
That hath buried ten thousand starling.
2. Politicus was rifled, and sooner rob'd than
for truth, though he tells but little: stifled
Civicus eats beef, before whose relief,
was writ down fasting spittle,

Brittan-

Brittannicus doth look for a Passy-book,
which standeth against all reason.
Each line doth it rot, and stain with a blot
of high and abominable Treason.
Lo now, &c.

3. The Parliament-Scout, ill luck find him out,
with his brethren birds together, (skies.
Who hath vented more lies, than stars in the
or drops in a years wet weather.
The sawcy Oxford-Spy, was but one entire lie
and the Phamphleteers in the Star-nest,
Is gone before to hell, the News for to tell,
and the Devil detains him for earnest.
Lo now, &c.

4 Here's two ballad-men, have got well bytheir
who can both write and well sing, (pen.
One as round as a hoop, 's made Captain of a
Troop,
t'other gapes for a place under Elsynge.
Here's a curld pated lout, who cries books about
is grown such a grand deceiver,
That by the very sale of the Spectacle Tale,
he hath purchased a new fashion Bever.
Lo now, &c.

5. Here's an old rotten quean, whose smock's
very mean,
which us'd to cry Mary-bones,
Is marri'd to the led for the mony that he had
and now keeps a Press of their own.
Lo uow, &c.

The

The Soldiers delight.

FAir Phydelia, tempt no more,
I may not now thy beauty so adore;
For offer to thy shrine,
I serve one more divine,
and greater far than you:
Hark, the Trumpet calls away,
We must go, lest the foe
get the field, and win the day.
Then march bravely on,
charge them in the Van,
Our Cause Gods is, though the odds is,
ten times ten to one.

2. Tempt no more I may not yield,
although thine eyes a kingdom may surprize
Leave off thy wanton tales,
The high-born Prince of Wales
is mounted in the field,
Where the the Loyal Centry flock,
though forlorn, nobly born,
Of a ne're decaying flock:
Cavaliers be bold, ne're let go your hold,
Those that loiterers are by traitors
nearly bought and sold.

3. Phyl. One kiss more, and so farewell:
Sold. Fie, no more, I pritthee feal give o're,
Why cloud'st thou thus thy beams?
I'le by these extreams,

a Woe

a woman's Heaven or hell:
Pray the King may have his own,
that the Queen may be seen,
With her Babes on Englands Throne,
Rally up your men, one shall vanquish ten,
Victory, we come to try our valor once agen.

The Time-server: Or, a Medley.

ROom for a Gamester ẏ plays at al he sa
whose fickle fancy fits such tims as the
One that says Amen to ev'ry factious prayer
from Hugh Peters pulpit to St. Peters Chair
One that doth defie the croster and the Crown
but yet can bonze with blades that carrouze
whilst Pottle pots tumble down, dery down
One that can comply with Surplice and wi
yet for his end can Independ (Clo
whilst Presbyterian broke Brittains yoke.
2. This is the way to trample without tren
'tis the Sycophant's onely secure, (bling
Covenants and oaths are badges of dissembling
'tis the politick pulls down the pure:
To profess and betray, to plunder and pray,
Is the onely ready way to be great,
flattery doth the feat:
Ne're go, ne're stir, will venture further
Than the greatest Dons in the town,
from a Copper to a Crown.
3. I am in a temp'rate humor now to think we

Nor

Now I'm in another humor for to drink well,
Then fill us up a Fear-bowl boys, that we
may drink it merrily,
No knavish Spy shall understand,
For if it should be known,
'Tis ten to one we shal be trappan'd.

4. I'le drink to thee a brace of quarts,
Whose Anagram is call'd True Hearts,
If all were well as I would ha't,
and Britain cur'd of its tumor,
I should very well like my fate,
And drink my Sack at a cheaper rate,
without any noise or tumor:
oh then I should fix my humor.

5. But since 'tis no such matter, change your
I may cog and flatter, so may you: (hue
Religion is a bridgeon, and reason is treason,
and he that hath a loyal heart may bid the
world adieu.

6. We must be like the Scottish man,
who with intent to beat down Schism,
Brought in the Presbyterian,
with Cannon and with Catechism:
If Teuk won't do't, then Jockey shut,
for the Kirk of Scotland doth command,
And what hath bin, since they came in,
I think we have cause to understand.

The Royalist and Round-head.

STay, shut the Gate,
T'other quart, faith 'tis not so late
as your thinking,
The stars which you see in the Hemisphere
Are but studs in your cheeks by good drinking,
The suns gone to tipple al night in ye sea boy
To morrow he'l blush that he's paler than we
Drink wine, give him water, (boys
'tis Sack makes us the boys.

2. Fill up the Glass,
To the next merry Lad let it pass,
come away wi't:
Let's set foot to foot, & but give our minds to
'Tis heretical Sir that doth stay wit,
then hang up good faces, lets drink til our [illegible]
Gives freedom to speak, w' our fancy disposes,
Beneath whose protection now under the rose is

3. Drink off your Bowl,
'Twill enrich both your head and your soul
with Canary:
For a Carbuncl'd face saves a tedious race,
And the Indies about us we carry:
No Helicon like to the juice of good wine is,
For Phebus had never had wit that divine is,
Had his face not been bow'd as thine is and
mine is.

4. This must go round,

Off with your hats til ye pavement be crown'd
with your Bevers,
A red coated face frights a Sergeant and his
whilst the constables trembles to shivers (mace
In state march our faces like some of ye quorum
While the whores do fall down, and the vulgar
(adore um fore u m.
And our noses like Link boys run shining be-

The answer.

HOld, quaff no more,
But restore,
If you can, what you 've lost by your drinking,
Three Kingdoms and Crowns,
with their Cities and Towns,
While the King and his Progeny's sinking:
The studs in your cheeks have obscured his
Star, boys, (boys,
Your drink and miscarriages in the late war
Hath brought his Prerogative thus to the
Bar boys,

2. Through down the Glass,
He's an ass
That extracts all his worth from Canary:
Charvalour will shrink,
which is onely good in drink,
Twas the Cup made the Camp to miscarry:
Ye thought in the world there was no power
could tame ye,

Ye tipled and whor'd till the foe overcame ye
Cuds-nigs and Ne're-stir Sir, hath vanquish
God-dam-me.

3. Flie from the coast,
Or y' are lost,
And the water will run where the drink went,
From thence you must flink,
If you swear, and have no think,
'tis the Curse of a Royal Delinquent. (well,
Ye love to see Beer, bowls turn'd over ye thumb
Ye love three fair Gamesters, four Dice, and
a Drum well, (Cromwel.
But you'd as lieve see the Devil as Oliver

4. Drink not the round,
You'l be drown'd
In the source of your Sack and your Sonnets
Try once more your fate,
For the Kirk against the State,
and go barter your Bevers for Bonnets:
I see how you'r charm'd by your female in-
chanters, (ters
And therefore pack hence to Virginia for plan-
For an Act and two Red-coats will rout all the
Ranters.

The Lord *Gerards* Mistriss.

BE gone thou fatal Fever,
From me now be gone,
Let Love alone,
Let his Atherial flames possess my brest:

Th

The help of my consuming heat,
No aid requires,
But swift desires,
Transfers my passion to a throne of rest;
Where I, who never in the pride of health
could finde such warmth to move,
By sickness tam'd, and so inflam'd,
I feel no joys like Love:
But he, who trifled many a tedious hour away
my Love to try,
In little space hath gain'd the grace,
to have more power than I.

2. Depart thou fatal Fever,
From me now depart,
Think not my heart
To thy dull flames shall be a sacrifice;
Vain, dread Cupid, now is on thy Altar laid
by thee betraid,
A rich oblation to restore thine eyes:
But yet my former acknowledgment can testifie
thou hast no craft,
To bend thy bow against a foe
that aims to catch thy shaft:
Nor do I fear thine arrows, though they all
at once 'gainst me do flie,
She that receives ten thousand sheaves,
can love no more than I.

3. No more, Physitians
Try your skills no more,

Pray give me ore,
I have a cure in physick seldom read;
Though you are skilful Doctors,
All the world doth know
In learning flow,
You may as well go practise on the dead,
But if my Gerard please to grace me
with the glory of his looks,
I make no doubt to live without
Physicians and their books.
'Tis he who with his balming kisses
can restore my dying breath,
What bliss is this, to gain a kiss,
to save a maid from death!

4. To you that tell us,
Of another world I vow,
And do allow
Your sacred precepts, if you'l grant me this,
That he whom I adore next to the Diety,
may go with me,
Without whose presence there can be no bliss;
Go teach your Tenets of Eternity,
to those that aged be,
Pray here perswade a Love-sick Maid,
there's any heaven but he:
But stay, methinks a nice slumber
hath possest my wearied brain,
Pray bid him die, if you think I
shall never wake again.

The

The Scornful Lover.

LOve thee, good faith not I,
I have som thing else to do,
Alas, you must go learn to talk,
before you learn to woe,
Nay fie, stand off, go to, go to.

2. Because you are in the fashion,
and newly come to Court,
You think your Cloaths are Orators
to invite us to the sport,
Ha, we do but jeer you for't.

3. Nor look so sweetly youth,
nor fiddle with your Band,
We know you trim your borrowed locks
to shew your pretty hand,
You are too young for to command.

4. Or why so confident,
because that lately ye,
Have brought another complement
unto our Pedigree,
Thy inside seems the worse to me.

5. Or where Sir Swordam goes,
I marry, there's your wit,
He cares not what he says or does,
So Ladies laugh at it,
Who can deny such Lads a bit?

Upon an Act for Treason.

BUt since it was lately enacted high Treason
For a man to speak truth 'gainst the head
of a State.
Let every wise man make use of his reason,
to think what he will, but take heed what he
For the Proverb doth learn us, (prate
he that flayes from the battel sleeps in a whole
skin, (within
And our words are our own, if we keep them
What fools are we then that to prattle do be-
of things that do not concern us? (gin

2. 'Tis no matter to me where goes the hare
the Tubs or the Crosses, 'tis all one to me,
It neither increaseth my goods nor my cattel,
A beggar's a beggar, and so he shall be;
Unless he turn Traitor, (sure,
Let misers take courses to hoard up their treas-
whose bounds have no limits, whose minds
have no measure,
Let me be but quiet, and take a little pleasure,
a little contents my own nature.

3. But what if the Kingdom returns to one of
the Prime ones?
My mind is a Kingdom, and so it shall be,
I'le make it appear, if I had but the time out
He's as happy in one, as they are in three,
if he might but enjoy it:

He

He that's mounted aloft, is a mark for the fate,
and an envy to every pragmatical pate,
Whilst he that is low is safe in his estate,
and the great ones do scorn to annoy him.

I count him no wit that is gifted in rapling
and flurting at those that above him do sit,
Whilst they do out-wit him with whipping
and goaling,
his purse and his person must pay for his wit;
but 'tis better to be drinking.

If Sack were reformed to twelve pence a quart
I'd study for money to merchandize for't,
With a friend that is willing in mirth we
would sport,
Not a word; but we'd pay it with thinking.

My petition shall be that Canary be cheaper
without either Custom, or cursed Excize,
That the Wits may have freedom to drink
deeper and deeper, (rise,
And not be undone whilst our Muses we buy:
But we'll liquor them, and drench them, (fire
if this were but granted, who would not be
To dub himself one of Apollo's own Quire?
(are on fire
and then we will drink whilst our Noses
And the quart-pots shall be Buckets to quench
them.

A Song upon a Recanting Lover.

SUre 'twas a dream, how long, fond man
been fool'd into captivity? (have I
my Newgate was my want of wit,
I did my self commit, my bonds I knit,
I my own Jaylor was, mine onely foe,
Which did my freedom disallow,
I was a Prisoner, cause I would be so.

2. 'Twas a fine life I liv'd, when I did dress
my self to court your peevishness,
When I did at your footstool lye,
expecting from your eye, to live or die.
Now frowns or smiles, I care not which I have
for rather than I'le be your slave,
I'le court the Gods to send me to my grave.

3. Farewel those charms y did so long bewitch,
farewel that wanton youthful itch,
Farewel that treacherous blinking boy,
which proffer'd seeming joy for to destroy;
Farewel those nights of pleasure, and to you,
which were well known were not a sow,
For ever, ever, evermore adieu.

4. Now I can stand the Salleys of your eyes
in vain are all your Batteries,
Nor can that low dissembling style,
nor that bewitched smile longer beguile,
Nor those heart-traps which you each hour re-
to all those witch-crafts, and to you, (new,

For

for ever, evermore I bid adieu.

5. Now will I shake off those chains, & prove
opinion built the Goal of Love,
Made all his bonds, gave him his bow,
his broken arrows to which murder so,
Nay all those Fancies, which as Lovers dream
were all compos'd to make a Theam,
For some carrousing Poets drunken flame.

Of Titulary Honor.

NAy prethee don't give me,
But sit thee down by me,
For I cannot endure the man that's demure,
a pox on your Worships and Sirs:
For your Congées and tricks,
with your Legs and your Lips,
Your Madams and Lords,
and such titical words,
And the Complement you bring,
That doth spell nothing,
you may keep for the Chains and the Furs,
For at the beginning was neither Peasant
nor Prince,
And who the Devil made the distinction since?

2. Those Titles of Honors,
do remain in the Donors,
And not in that thing,
to which they do cling,
If his Soul be too narrow that wears them,

no

no delight can I see
In the thing call'd degree;
honest Dick sounds as well
As a name with an L,
that with Titles do swell,
And hums like a Bell,
to affright mortal ears that do hear 'um:
He that wears a brave soul, & dares honestly
is a Herald to himself, and a Godfather to.

3. Why should we then dote on,
one with a Fools coat on,
Whose Coffers are cramm'd,
but yet he'l be damn'd
Ere he'l do a good act, or a wise one?
what reason hath he
To be ruler o'er me,
who is Lord o'er his Chest,
But his head and his breast
are but empty and bare,
And pufft up with air,
and can neither assist, nor advise one:
Honor's but air, and proud flesh but dust is,
'tis the Commons make the Lords, as the
Clerk makes the Justice.

4. But since we must be
of a different degree,
'Cause most do aspire,
to be greater and higher
Than the rest of their fellows and brothers,

he that hath such a spirit,
Let him gain't by his merit,
spend his wit, wealth, and blood,
For his Countrey's good,
and make himself fit,
By his valor and wit,
for things above the reach of all others:
Honor's a prize, and who wins it may wear it
if not, 'tis a badge and a burthen to bear it.

5. For my part let me be
but quiet and free,
I'le drink Sack and obey.
let the great ones swap,
That spend their whole time in thinking;
I'le not bustle my pate,
With the matters of State,
the News-books I'le burn all,
And with the Diurnal
light Tobacco, and admit,
They are so far fit,
for to serve good company, and drinking:
All the name I desire is an honest good fellow,
And that man has no worth, that wont
sometimes be mellow.

The new Droll.

COme lets drink, the time invites,
winter and cold weather,
For to spend away long nights,

and

and to keep good wits together,
Better far than Cards and Dice,
Isc 's Balls are quaint device,
Made up with Fan and Feather.

2. Of strange actions on the Seas,
why should we be jealous?
Bring us liquor that will please,
and will make us braver fellows
Than the bold Venetian Fleet,
when the Turks and they do meet
Within their Dardanello's.

3. Valencian that famous Town,
stood the French-mans wonder,
Water they imployed to drown,
so to cut their Troops in sunder,
Turein gave a helpless look,
while the lofty Spaniard took
La Ferta, and his plunder.

4. As for water we disclaim,
mankind's adversary,
Once it caus'd the worlds whole frame
in the Deluge to miscarry;
And that enemy of Joy,
which sought our freedom to destroy,
And murther good Canary

5. We that drink have no such thoughts,
black and void of Reason,
We take care to fill our Vaults

with

with good wine of every season;
And with many a Chirping Cup,
We blow one another up,
and that's our onely treason.

6. Fear the Squibs, and mind the Bells
the fifth of November,
The Parson a sad story tells,
and with horror doth remember,
How some hot-brain'd Traitor wrought
Plots that would have ruine brought
to King, and every Member.

On the New-found Wells.

WE will go no more to Tunbridge Wells,
the Journey is so far.
Nor ride in Epsom waggons, where
our bodies tumbled are:
But we'l to Westwood waters go,
the best that e're you saw,
And from hence forth we'l have it call'd,
The New-found English Spaw,
Then go Lords and Ladies what ere you ail,
go thither all that pleases;
For it will cure you without fail,
of old and new Diseases.

2. Thither the country people thrust
by day, and eke by night,
And for to fill their Bottles first,
they scramble, scratch, and fight;

But

But when the Gentry thither come,
and people of good fashion,
There is presented to their view,
a fair accommodation.
Then go Lords, &c.

3. Joans was the first hole was found out,
my Ladies hole next after,
Yet when you taste, you are in doubt
which is the better water:
But so it is, my Ladies hole,
doth stand so near to Joan,
That if the people be too rude,
they may break both holes into one.
Then go Lords, &c.

4. It purgeth your Ladies bodies clean,
by stool and urine too,
'Twill make you have a stomach to't
whither you will or no:
Then you may step among the furs,
a fitting place to finde,
'Twill make you ope, and shut your purse,
before and eke behind.

The silly Shepherd.

A Silly shepheard woo'd, but wist not
how he might his Mistris favor gain,
On a time they met, but kist not,
ever after that he sued in vain:
Blame her not, alas, though she said nay

to

to him that might, but fled away.

2. Time perpetually is changing,
every moment alteration brings,
Love and beauty still estranging,
women are alas but wanton things,
He that will his Mistris favor gain,
must take her in a merry vain.

3. A womans fancy's like a Fever,
or an Ague that doth come by fits,
Hot and cold, but constant never,
then as the pleasant humor hits:
Sick, and well again, and well and sick,
in love it is a womans trick.

4. Now she will and then she will not,
put her to the tryal, if once she smile:
Silly youth, thy fortunes spill not,
lingring labors oft themselves beguile,
He that knocks, and can't get in,
his Pick-lock is not worth a pin.

5. A womans Nay is no denial,
silly youths of Love are served so,
Put her to a further tryal,
happily she'l take it, and say no;
For it is a trick which women use,
what they love, they will refuse.

6. Silly youth why doest thou dally?
having got time and season fit,
Then never stand, sweet, shall I? shall I?

nor

nor too much commend an after wit;
For he that will not when he may,
when he will, he shall have nay.

On the Goldsmiths Committee.

COme Drawer, some wine,
or we'l pul down the Sign,
For we are all Jovial Compounders:
We'l make the house ring
With Healths to our KING,
and confusion light on his Confounders.

2. Since Goldsmiths-Committee
Affords us no pity,
out sorrows in wine we will steep 'um;
They force us to take
Two Oaths, but we'l make
a third that we ne're mean to keep 'um.

3. And next who e're sees
We'l drink on our knees
to the King, may he thrift that repines;
A fig for those Traitors
That look to our waters,
they have nothing to do with our wines.

4. And next here's a Cup
To the Queen, fill it up,
were it poyson we would make an end on't:
May Charles and she meet,
And tread under feet,
both Presbyter and Independent.

5. To

5. To the Prince, and all others,
his Sisters and Brothers,
as low in condition, as high born,
We'l drink this, and pray,
That shortly they may
see all them that wrongs them at Tyborn

6. And next here's three Bowls,
To all gallant Souls,
that for the King did, and will venture,
May they flourish when those
That are his and our foes,
are hang'd and ram'd down to the Center.

7. And next let a Glass
To our Vndoers pass,
attended with two or three curses,
May plagues sent from hell,
Stuff their bodies as well,
as the Cavaliers coyn doth their purses.

8. May the Cannibals of Pym,
Eat them up limb by limb,
or a hot Feaver scorch 'um to embers,
Por keep 'um in bed,
Until they are dead,
and repent for the loss of their Members.

9. And may they be found
In all to abound,
both with Heaven and the countreys anger,
May they never want Fractions,

Doubts, Fears, and Diſtractions, (&c.
till the Gallow-tree choaks them from d

In praiſe of Brewers.

THere's many a clinking verſe was made
In honour of the Blackſmiths trade,
But more of the Brewers may be ſaid,
which no body can deny.

2. I need nought elſe but this repeat,
The Blackſmith cannot be compleat,
Unleſs the Brewer do give him a heat,
which no body can deny.

3. When Smug unto his Forge doth come,
Unleſs the Brewer do liquor him home,
Could nere ſtrike nin pot and thy pot Tom,
which no body, &c.

4. Of all Profeſſions in the town,
This Brewers trade did gain renown,
His liquor once reacht up to the Crown,
which no body, &c.

5. Such Royal blood from him did ſpring,
Of all the trades this was the King.
The Brewer had got the world in a ſling,
which no body, &c.

6. Though Honour be a Princes daughter,
The Brewer will wive her in blood and ſlaugh
ter,
And win her, or elſe it ſhall coſt him hot water
which no body, &c.

7. T

7. He fear'd no power, nor martial ſtops,
But whipt Armies as round as tops,
And cut off his foes as thick as hops,
which no body, &c.

8. He div'd for riches down to the bottom,
And cri'd, my Maſters, when he had got 'um,
Let every Tub ſtand on his own bottom,
which no body, &c.

9. In warlike Arts he ſcorn'd to ſtoop,
For when his party began to droop,
He'd bring them all up as round as a hoop.
which no body, &c.

10. The Jewiſh Scots who fear to eat
The fleſh of Swine, our Brewers beat,
'Twas the ſight of their Hogſheads made them
to retreat,
which no body, &c.

11. Poor Jockey and his Basket-hilt
Was beaten, and much Blood was ſpilt,
When their bodies like barrels did run a tilt,
which no body, &c.

12. Though Jemmy did give the firſt aſſault,
The Brewer he made them at length to hault,
And gave them what the cat left in the mault,
which no body, &c.

13. They did not onely bang the Kirk,
But in Ireland too they did as much worſk,

'twas the Brewer made them surrender Cart,
which no body, &c.

14. This was a stout Brewer, of whom we may
brag,
But since he was hurried away with a Hag,
We have brew'd in a bottle and bak'd in a bag,
which no body, &c.

15. They say that Antichrist came to settle
Religion within a Cowler and Kettle,
His Nose & his Copper were both of a mettle,
which no body, &c.

16. He had a strong and a very stout heart,
And lookt to be made an Emperor for't,
But the Devil did set a spoake in his Cart,
which no body, &c.

17. The Christian Kings began to quake,
And said, with that Brewer no Quarrels we'l
make,
We'll let him alone, as he brews let him bake,
which no body, &c.

18. But yet by the way you must needs under-
stand,
He kept all his passions so under command,
Pride never could get the upper hand,
which no body, &c.

19. And now may all stout Souldiers say,
Farewel the glory of the Day,

For

for the Brewer himself is turn'd to clap,
which no body, &c.

22. Thus fell a brave Brewer the bold Son of slaughter,
Who need not to fear much what should follow a'ter,
That dealt all his life time in fire and water,
which no body, &c.

23. And if his Successor had but had his might
We all had not been in that pitiful plight,
But alas he was found many grains too light,
which no body, &c.

24. Though wine be a Juice, sweet, pleasant, and pure,
This trade doth such pleasure and profit procure
That every Vintner in town is turn'd Brewer
which no body, &c.

25. But now let's leave singing and drink of our Cup,
Let's call for a reckoning, and every man club
For I think I have told you a tale of a Tub,
which no body can deny.

The Contest.

BEauty and Love once fell at odds,
and thus revil'd each other:
Quoth Love I am one of the Gods,
and thou wait'st on my Mother;

Thou hadst no power on man at all,
but what I gave to thee;
Nor are you longer sweet or fair,
than men acknowledge me.

2. Away fond Boy, then Beauty cry'd,
we know that thou art blind:
And men of nobler parts they can,
and greater better finde:
T'was I begot the mortal Snow,
and kindled mens desires,
I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,
and wings to fan thy fires.

3. Cupid in anger flung away,
and thus to Vulcan pray'd,
That he would rip his shafts with scorn,
to punish his proud Maid;
So ever since Beauty has but
but courted for an hour,
To love a day is held a sin,
gainst Cupid and his Power.

The Fond Amorist.

TEll me no more how fair she is,
for I have no mind to hear
A story of such distant bliss,
I never shall come near:
By sad experience I have found,
That her perfections cruel wound.

2. No

1. For tell me not how fond I am,
for to tempt my daring fate,
Which never time could triumph in,
but repent too late:
There are some hopes e're long I map,
In silence dote my self away.

3. I ask no pity Love, of thee,
nor will thy justice blame,
So that thou wilt not envy me,
nor glory in thy flame,
Which crowns my heart where e're it dyes,
in that it falls thy Sacrifice.

On Women.

FEar not, my Genius, to unfold
thy silent thoughts of these;
Women are born to be controul'd,
receive them as you please:
Their long usurped Monarchy,
hath made me hate such tyranny.

2. Let them and their magnetick charms,
as Harbingers before 'um,
Pollels themselves of Cupids arms,
as baits for to adore 'um:
I're e're commit Idolatry,
With Subjects born, as well as I.

3. Their Diety with them must fade,
this cannot be deny'd;

Yet since the pretty things were made
out of old Adams side:
We'l love them still, but know as thus,
We do't because they're part of us.
And let it them suffice the Elves,
To say we love them as our selves.

The Injured Lover.

YOu are not Cynthia better pleas'd than I,
that you have led the way,
Through this dark night of blind inconstancy
and first by break of day;
To freedom now we'l sacrifice our sighs past,
'twas my dull fate to try Love's sorrow last.

2. Perhaps so soon I could not disengage,
having a greater store,
Some birds will longer hover 'bout the Cage,
though 'twas their Coal before:
But 'twas not long I meant to sit about
Your ashes, when the fire was quite burnt out.

3. But now my Jaylor has my bonds untied,
I'le hold my hands no more
Up at Loves Bar, he is condemn'd and tryed,
that has been burnt before:
But that heart sickness which you gave, protest
'Tis seldom that the same plague twice infests.

4. Breasts that have felt Love's cruel slavery
are better fortifi'd

By this experience, than they e're could be
by reason or by pride : flame,
Then blush not that you quench your amorous
But blush with me, if e're you love again.

A Love-Riddle.

DOwn in a Garden sate my dearest Love,
her skin more soft and white, than dainty Snow,
More tender-breasted than the harmless Dove,
and far more kinde than bleeding Pelitan,
I courted her, she rose, and blushing said,
Why was I born to live and dye, a Maid?

2. For her I pluckt a pretty Parry-gold,
whose leaves were shut in with the ev'ning
I spoke to her, Rise up Love, and behold (Sun
What pretty Riddles this to thee hath shown:
These Leaves shut in, are chaste like Cloister
Nun,
Yet they will open, when they see the Sun.

3. What mean you by this Riddle sir, she said,
I pray expound it : then I thus began,
Know Maids were made for Men, Man for a
Maid,
With that she changed colour and lookt wan,
Since you this Riddle sir, so well have told,
Be you my Sun, I'le be your Marry-gold.

The loving Contest.

When Phebus had drest his course to the
and took up his rest below: (west
And Cynthia agreed in her glittering weed,
her like in his stead to bestow:
I walked alone, attended by none,
till suddenly one did cry,
Oh do not, do not kill me yet,
For I am not prepared to die.

2. With that I drew near, to see and to hear,
and there did appear such a show,
The Moon was so light, I saw such a sight,
it fits not each wight for to know,
A man and a maid, together was laid,
and ever she cry'd, Nay sie,
Oh do not, &c.

3. This youth was so ruff, that he took up her
although she did cry, yet still did she lie (stuff
And put him by with a no;
for he was so strong, and she was so young,
She rested not long for to cry,
Oh do not, &c.

4. Thus striving in vain, well pleas'd with her
she vow'd to remain his foe, (pain
And kept such a quail, when he gave her the foil
the greater the Broyl did grow;
For he was prepar'd, and did not regard

her

her words, when he heard her cry,
Oh do not, &c.

5. At last he gave o're, and suddenly swore,
he would kill her no more that night,
But bad her adieu, for he very well knew
she would tempt him to new delight:
But when he wou'd part, it went to her heart,
which taught her more art to cry,
Oh kill me, kill me once again,
For now I'm prepared to die.

In praise of his Mistris.

IF Narcissus foolish boy,
did on a shadow fix his joy,
Or consume himself in seeing,
that which had no life, nor being:
If fair Læda loath'd a man,
and yet doted on a Swan,
How blest am I that loves a Fair,
in whom the choice of all perfections are!

2. No cloud inhabits where she dwells,
But all the Air perfumed smells,
Where her touches she disposes,
Lillies grow like fragrant Roses,
And through every of her veins,
the violet shoots up and resigns,
Which doth perish and decay,
if she but once doth turn her beams away.

3. The

3. The pure heat of that chaste fire,
Which shines through all her parts intire,
and doth cheer me with delight
Those heavenly objects fill my sight,
dearest yet forget to kill,
That I may live to serve you still,
that I may kiss that blessed hand,
And so a Lovers statue always stand.

4. That I may have the happiness
to hug that tree, and not transgress;
To pluck those flowers, whose vertues are
to make me rich, thee onely rare,
Or those kindlers of desire,
which do set the world on fire,
And so affright those powers above,
by consuming, all consuming Love.

A Love Song.

LIe still, my dear, why dost thou rise,
The light that shines comes from thine eyes,
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
to think that thee, and I must part.
Oh stay, oh stay, oh stay,
Or else our joys will die,
Or perish in their infancy.

2. 'Tis true, 'tis day, what if it be,
wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Did we lie down because of night,

and

and shall we rise for fear of night ?
Oh no : since in darkness we came hither,
With leave of light we'l lie together.

3. Love, let me lie in thy sweet breast,
more sweeter than the Phœnix nest,
Love cans'd desire by thy sweet charms,
oh let me lie within Loves arms:
Oh let, oh let, thy blissful kisses cherish,
Or else my instant joys will perish.

A Pastoral Song: With the Answer.

CLoris since thou art fled away,
Amyntas sheep are gone astray,
And all the joys he took to see
his pretty Lambs run after thee,
They're gone, they're gone; and he alway,
sings nothing now, but well-a-day, well-a-day.

2. Th' emboider'd Scrip he us'd to wear,
neglected lies, so doth his hair,
His crook is broke, Dog howling lies,
while he laments with woful eyes,
Oh Cloris, Cloris, I decay,
and forc'd am to cry, well-a-day, well-a-day.

3. His Oaten Pipe whereon he plays
so oft to his sweet Roundelays,
Is flung away, and not a Swain
dares pipe or sing upon his plain,

'Tis

'Tis death to any that shall say,
one word to him but well-a-day, well-a-day.

4. The way whereon her dainty feet,
in even measure us'd to meet,
Is broken down; and no content
came near Aminta since she went:
For all that e're I heard him say,
was Cloris, Cloris, well-a-day, well-a-day.

5. Th' ground whereon she us'd to tread,
he ever since hath laid his head,
Still breathing forth such pining woes,
that not one blade of grass there grows:
Oh Cloris, Cloris, come away,
and hear Amintas well-a-day, well-a-day.

The Answer.

CLoris, since thou art gone astray,
Amyntas, shepherds fled away,
And all the joys he wont to spye
I'th Babies of thine eye,
Are gone, and he hath nought to say,
But who can help what will away, will away.

2. The Green on which it was her chance
To have her hand first in a dance,
Among the merry Maidens crew,
Now makes her nought but sigh and rue
The time she e're had cause to say,
And who can help what will away, will away.

3. Th

3. The Lawn with which she wont to deck,
And circle in her whiter Neck:
Her Apron lies behinde the doz,
The strings won't reach now as before,
Which makes her oftentimes well-a-day,
But who can help what will away, will away?

4. He often swore that he would leave me,
E're of my heart he could bereave me,
But when the Sign was in the Tap,
He knew my Maiden-flesh was frail,
And laughs now I have nought to say,
But who can help what will away, will away?

5. But let the blame upon me lye,
I had no heart him to deny:
Had I another Maiden-head,
I'd lose it e're I went to bed;
For what can all the world more say,
Than who can help what will away, will away

Upon Charing-Cross.

UNdone, undone, you Lawyers are,
that wander about the Town,
And can't finde the way to Westminster,
now Charing-Cross is down:
At the end o'th Strand they make a stand,
swearing they're at a loss,
And the sing say, that's not the way,
they must go by Charing-Cross.

2. The

2. The Committées they said, Verily,
to Pop'ry it was bent
For ought I know, it might be so,
to Church it never went:
What with —— and other Laws,
the Kingdom doth begin,
To think you'l leave them ne're a Cross
without doors, nor within.

3. For neither man woman nor childe,
can say, I'm confident,
That e're they heard it speak a word,
against the Parliament,
T had Letters about it found some say,
or else it had been read,
For George I'le take my Oath of it,
't could neither write, nor read.

A Song in derision of his Mistris.

FIne young Sally, though you wear
That rare beauty, I do swear,
yet you ne're came near my heart;
For we Courtiers learn at school,
onely with your sex to fool,
You are not worth a serious part.

2. When I sigh and kiss your hand,
cross mine Arms, and wondring stand,
Holding Parley with your eye,
next to talk with my desires,

I swear

swear the Sun ne're shot such fires:
all's but a handsom Eye.

3. When I espe your curled lace,
gentle Soul, you think your face
straightsome murther doth commit,
and your conscience doth begin,
To grow scrupulous of a sin,
when I court to shewn pwit.

4. Therefore Madam, wear no Cloud,
nor to check my love grow proud;
Fie in truth, I much do doubt
'tis the powder in your hair,
Nor your breath perfumes the air,
but your Cloaths that set you out.

5. Yet for all this truth confest,
and I swear I lov'd in jest:
When I next begin to court,
and protest an amorous flame,
You'l swear I in earnest am;
beldam, this is pretty sport.

The Dominion of the Sword.

LAy by your pleading,
Law lies a bleeding, (your reading
Burn all your studies down, and throw away
1. Small power the word has,
And can afford us;
Not half so much privilege as the sword does.

3. It fosters your Masters,
It plaisters Disasters, (mast
It makes ẏ servants quickly greater than th

4. It venters, it enters,
It seeks and it centers, (ter
It makes a prentice free in spite of his Inde

5. It talks of small things,
But it sets up all things, (all thing
This masters Money, though Money mast

6. It is not season,
To talk of reason, (it Treas
Nor call it Loyalty, when the sword will ha

7. It conquers the Crown too,
The Grave and the Gown too, (down to
First it sets up a Presbyter, & then it pulls hi

8. This subtile Disaster,
Turns Bonnet to Beaver (Weaver
Down goes a Bishop, Sirs, and up starts

9. This makes a Lay-man,
To preach and to pray man, (man
And makes a Lord of him that was but a Dra

10. Far from the Gulpit,
Of Saxbey's Pulpit, (Pulpi
This brought an Hebrew Iron-monger to th

11. Such pitiful things be,
More happier than Kings be, Slingsbe
They get the upper-hand of Thimblebee

2. N

2. No Gospel can guide it,
No Law can decide it. (stifl'd it.
In Church or State, till the Sword hath lan-

13. Down goes your Law-tricks,
Far from the Patricks, (St. Patricks.
Sprung up holy Hewsons power, & pull'd down

14. This Sword it prevails two,
So highly in Wales too, (too.
Shinkin ap Powel swears Cuts-plutterer nails

15. In Scotland this matter,
Did make such disaster, (sold their Master.
That they sent their money back for which they

16. It batter'd their Gunkirk,
And so it did their Dunkirk, (Dunkirk.
That he is fled, and swears the Devil is in

17. He that can rower,
Or he that is lower,
Would be judg'd a fool to put away his power.

18. Take books and rent 'um,
Who can invent 'um, (mentum?
When that the Sword replies, Negatur Argu-

19. Your brave Colledge-Butlers,
Put stop to the Butlers,
There's ne're a Library like to the Cutlers.

20. The blood that was spilt, Sir,
Hath gain'd all the Gilt, Sir, (Hilt, Sir.
Thus have you seen me run up Sword up to the

The fickle Lover.

WHy should you swear I am forsworn,
since thine I vow'd to be:
Lady, it is already morn,
and 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

2. Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
a tedious twelve hours space?
I must all other Beauties wrong,
and rob thee of a new imbrace,
Should I still dote upon thy face.

3. Not but all joys in thy brown hair,
by others may be found,
But I must search the black and fair,
like skilful Mineralists, that sound
For treasure in a plow'd up ground.

4. Then if when I have lov'd my round,
thou prov'st the pleasant she,
With spoil of meaner Beauties crown'd,
I loaden will return to thee,
Even lated with variety.

A Mock-song.

HOwl, howl, some prodigious Owl,
For a Monster so foul,
no tongue can express,
And I fear I shall dye,

with

with a squint from that eye,
Which so lately did slie,
like infection from the skie,
Or some worse Malady:
but I'le do what I can,
Nere to see her again.

2. When I, in the Kitchin did spye,
this deformed prodigy,
On her knees scouring dishes,
oh she looke so like a witch,
That my fert and hands did itch,
to be kicking of her breech,
Or t'imbrace her with a switch,
but she'l yield such a screech
That I was well assur'd,
she could not be endur'd.

3. Bloat, bloat, and as chalke as a Ghost,
or a lecherous Goat,
Was this damnable Hagg,
from each eye there did come,
A thick menstruous gum
like the spermatick foam
Of some ulcerated womb;
but I dare make it known,
That this stuff did arise,
from no pearls of her eyes.

4. But now, increaseth my woe.
though I truly did know

Where this Pole-cat did dwell;
for her work being done,
'Bout the platter and the spoon,
she was vanished soon,
And left me glad alone,
and to the Devil she is gone,
Which makes me to say,
that I'le keep Holy-day.

5. Hence I, for ever will defie,
such vain impurity,
As the Kitchin affords:
all you sluts then adieu,
Be your smocks old or new,
I'le have nothing to do,
With such Tallow-mine as you,
but my love I'le renew,
Where I'le sigh out my breath,
till occasion'd by death.

Good Counsel.

CLoris forbear a while,
do not o're joy-me,
Urge not another smile,
lest thou destroy me:
That beauty pleaseth most,
and is soon'st taken,
Which is soon won, soon lost,
kindly forsaken:
I love a coming Lass, 'faith I do,

But now and then would have her scornful two.

2. O cloud those eyes of thine,
bo-peep thy feature,
Warm'd with an April shine,
scorch not the creature,
Thus to display thy ware,
thus to be soling,
Argues how rude you are,
in Cupids schooling:
Disdain begets a shent, scorn draws me nigh,
'Tis cause I would and can't, makes me try.

3. Gloris, I'de have thee wise,
when gallants woue thee,
And Courtship thou despise,
lie those perlue thee,
Fasting moves appetite,
makes hunger greater,
What's kinred of delight,
falls to the better:
Be kindly coy betimes, be smoothly rough,
And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

The blinde Zealot.

I Am not mad, O Festus,
When zeal and godly knowledge
have put me in hope,
to deal with the Pope,
As well as the best in the Colledge,
Boldly I preach war a Cross, war a Surplice,

Miters, Copes, and Rochets,
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crochets.

2. In the house of pure Emanuel,
I had my education,
Where my friends surmise,
I dazled my eyes
With the sight of the Revelation,
Boldly, &c.

3. They bind me like a Bedlam,
They lash my four poor quarters,
while this I endure,
Faith makes me sure,
To be one of Foxes Martyrs.
Boldly, &c.

4. These injuries I suffer,
Through Antichrist's perswasion,
Take away the chain,
Neither, Room, nor Spain,
Can resist my strong invasion,
Boldly, &c.

5. Of the Beasts ten horns, Lord bless us,
I have knockt off three already,
If they let me alone,
I'le leave her none,
Though some say I am too heavy.
Boldly, &c.

6. I assail'd the seven-hil'd City,

Wher

Where I met the great red Dragon,
But I kept him aloof,
With the Armor of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly, &c.

7. With Fire, Sword, and Target,
I encountred with the monster,
Though the sons of pride,
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds mis-conster.
Boldly, &c.

8. I saw two in a Vision,
With a flying book betwæen 'um,
I fell in despair
Five times in a year,
And was cur'd by reading Grenham.
Boldly, &c.

9. I observed in Perkins Table
The black line of damnation,
but those crooked vains
so stuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my reprobation.
Boldly, &c.

10. I unhors'd the whore of Babel,
With a Launce of inspiration,
But I made her stink,
and spill her drink,
In the Cup of abomination.
Boldly, &c.

11. I

11. In the holy tongue of Canaan,
I plac'd my greatest pleasure,
Till I prickt my fist
with an hebrew text.
That bled beyond all measure,
Boldly, &c.

12. I appear'd before th' Archbishop,
And all the High Commission,
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face
He favored Superstition.
Boldly, &c.

Full forty times over.

FUll forty times over I have strived to win her,
Full forty times over repulsed have him,
But 'tis forty to one but I'le tempt her again
for he's a dull Lover
that so will give over,
Since thus runs the sport,
Since thus runs the sport,
Assault her but often, and you carry the Fort,
since thus runs the sport,
Assault her but often, and you carry the Fort.

2. There's a breach ready made which still
open hath lain,
With thousands of thoughts to betray it with
If you once but approach, you are sure to get in,
then stand not off coldly,

but

but venter on boldly
with weapon in hand,
with weapon in hand,
If you once but approach, she's not able to stand
with weapon in hand,
If you once but approach she's not able to stand

3. Some Ladies when down before them you sit, (wit,
will think to repulse you with Fire-balls of
But alas they're but crackers, & seldom do hit,
then vanquish them after,
with alarms of laughter,
Their Forces being broke,
Their Forces being broke,
And y fire quite out, you may vanquish in smoke
their forces being broke:
And y fire quite out, you may vanquish in smoke

4. With pride and with state, some out-works
they make, (back:
And with bollies of Frowns drive the enemy
If you minde her discreetly she's easie to take,
then to it, ne're fear her,
but boldly come near her,
By working about,
By working about, (out,
If you once but approach, she can ne're hold it
by working about, (out.
If you once but approach, she can ne're hold it

5. Some

5. Some Ladies with blushes & modesty fight,
And with their own fears the rude foe affright,
But they're easily surpriz'd if you come in the night:
then this you must drive at,
to Parley in private,
And then they're o'erthrown,
And then they're o'erthrown,
If you promise them fairly, they'l soon be your own,
and then they're o'erthrown,
If you promise them fairly, they'l soon be your own.

The Answer.

HE is a fond Lover that doteth on scorn,
Who Fortune's neglects hath patiently born:
He's proud of abuses, if e're he return
To prove a fond Lover,
His wit he'l discover,
By striving to win,
A fort, where old forces neglected have bin.
2. For when a Fort we defend from the foe,
We traitors impison, they ne're come below,
And her Fort is defended by answering, No:
If this will not do it,
Disdain added to it,
Your weapon will fail;
Although you approach, you'l not enter at all.

3. They

3. They are Lady-birds sure, these Lovers intend,
Which cannot with wit such a fortress defend
Whilst Hectors their Squibs and their Crackers do spend;
And bainly come after,
To conquer with laughter;
For she hath no wit,
That spends all her fire in the smoak to be hit.

4. Where a fort hath no strength but such as is made
By pride and by state, such a foe may invade;
For these are defences for those of the trade:
You men are so witty,
Works guard not our City,
But forces within,
With which we maintain't, though the outworks you win.

5. These warriors at last with our weapons will fight;
If we are not aware, they'l come in the night:
But alas they're denied, our vertues are bright
For she that loves honor,
No parley e're won her,
To yield up her pow'r,
For a few flatt'ring words, and the sport of an hour.

The Jovialists Coronation.

SInce it must be so, why then so let it go,
Let the Old-brain'd times turn round;
Now we have our King, let the Goblets be
And our Monarchy thus we recover: (crown'd
Whilst the Bottles are weeping,
We'l drench our sad souls
In big-belly'd Bowls,
And our sorrows in wine shall lie steeping.
And we'l drink till our eyes do run over,
And prove it by reason,
It can be no treason
To drink, or to sing
A Bournival of Healths to our true Crown'd
King.

2. Let us all stand bare, in the presence we are
Let our Noses like Bonefires shine:
In stead of the Conduits let Bottles run wine
To perfect this true Coronation;
And we that are loyal in drink shall be Best
For that face that wears Claret,
Looks like the Blood Royal,
And out-stares the Boyes of our Nation;
In sign of Obedience,
Our Oaths of Allegiance,
Beer-glasses shall be,
And he that tipples, tends to the Nobility.

3. But if in this Raign, a Halberdly train

If a Constable chance to rebel,
And would with his twopels maliciously swell
And against the Kings party raise Arms,
Then the Drawers like Yeomen o the Guard,
With Quart-pots,
Shall fuddle the Sots,
Till they make 'um both Cuckolds & Freemen
And on their wives beat up Alarm:
Thus as the Health passes,
We'l trifle our Glasses,
And count it no sin
To drink and be loyal, in defence of our King.

A Lovers Request.

SInce 'tis my fate to be thy slave,
tender such pity you would crave:
Since 'tis my fortune so to be,
to him that covets his destiny.

1. 'Twas those magnetick eyes that drew
my heart away at the first view,
Since then to love it was the womb
which gave it life, be not the tomb.

3. Should I affect evil'd delay
dangers attends a tedious way:
Feware the words that may combine
our hearts, 'tis onely say Thou'rt mine.

4. Yet if another hath possest
those hopes that might have made me blest,

Be speedy in thy Doom, and I
by death am freed from misery.

The despairing Lover to his Mistris.

FAir Archabella to thine eies,
that paints just blushes on the skies,
Each noble heart shall sacrifice;
yet be not cruel though you may,
When e'r you please to save, or slay,
or with a frown benight the day.

2. I do not beg that you thou'd rest
in an inforced high-wap breast,
A Lodging for each common guest:
but I present a bleeding heart,
That never felt a former smart,
wounded by love, not prickt by art.

3. And if you smile, then I shall live:
but if you frown, a death you give,
For which it were a sin to grieve:
but if it be decreed I fall,
Grant me one Boon, one Boon is all;
that you wou'd me your Martyr call.

Good Advice.

GAther your Rose-buds whilst you may,
for time is still a flying,
And that same Flower which grows to day,
to morrow will be dying.

1. The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
the higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
and nearer is to setting.

2. That age is best that is the first,
whilst youth and blood are warmer:
But being fled, grows worse and worse,
and ill succeeds the former.

3. Then be not coy, but spend your time,
and whilst you may, go marry;
For having once but lost your prime,
you may for ever tarry.

The Muses courting Sack.

POx take you Mistriss, I'le be gone,
I have friends to wait upon;
Think you I'le my self confine
to your humors, Lady mine?
Fie: your lowring looks do say,
'twill be a rainy drinking day,
To the Tavern let's away.

2. There have I a Mistriss got,
clapster'd in a Bottle-pot:
Plump and bounding, soft and fair,
buxsom, sweet, and debonair,
And they call her Sack my Dear.

3. Sack with no scornful dread will blast me,
though upon the bed she cast me,

Yet ne're bluth her self to red,
nor fear the loss of Maiden-head:
And though mute and still she be,
quicker wits she brings to me
Then I e're could find in thée;
Yet if thou wilt take the pain
to be kinde yet once again,
And with thy smiles but call me back,
thou shalt be the Lady Mack.
Oh then try, and you shall see,
what a loving soul I'le be,
When I'm drunk with none but thée.

The Constant Lover.

MUst your fair enflaming eye
Make a Lover mourn or cry?
All consenting, not repenting
At your will to live or die.

2. Must your fair face, and rare desert,
Keep in awe a Lovers heart?
Yet by praying, and obeying,
In thée I hope to have part.

3. In excess of joy or pain,
I still labor to attain
Such a measure of Loves treasure,
Never to be poor again.

4. Although I should plainly see
Your disdain would murther me,

It should not fright me, but delight me,
So I might thy Martyr be.

The Loyal Prisoner.

HOw happy's that Pris'ner that conquers his fate (plains:
With silence, and ne're on bad fortunes com-
But carelesly plays with Keys on his grates,
And he makes a sweet consort with them and his chains, (are opprest,
He drowns care in Sack, while his thoughts
And he makes his heart float like a Cork in his breast.
Then since we are all Slaves, and Islanders be,
And our land a large prison inclos'd with the Sea
We'l drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free
For man is the worlds Epitomy.

2. Let Tyrants wear purple, deep dy'd in the blood (sway,
Of those they have slain, their Scepters to
If our Conscience be clear, and our Title be good, (then they,
With the rags that hang on us, we are richer
We'l drink down at night what we beg or can borrow, (morrow,
And sleep without plotting for more the next
Then since we are, &c.

3. Let the Usurer watch o're his bags and his house,, (debtors,
To keep that from Robbers he rak't from his

Which at midnight cryes theives, at the noise
of a Mouse,
And he looks if his Trunks are fast bound to
their fetters: (States-plot,
When once he is grown rich enough for a
Buff in one hour plunders what threescore years
Then since, &c. (got.

4. Come Drawer, fill each man a peck of old
(Sherry,
This brimmer shal bid al our senses good night
When old Aristotle was frolick and merry,
By the juice of the grape he stager'd out-right,
Copernicus once in a drunken fit found (round,
By the course of 's brains ẏ the world did turn
Then since, &c. (shine.

5. 'Tis Sack makes our faces like Comets to
And gives tincture beyond a complexion mask,
Diogenes fell so in love with his wine,
Then when 'twas all out, he dwelt in the cask
And being shut up within a close room,
He dying, requested a Tub for his Tomb.
Then since, &c.

6. Let him never so privately muster his gold,
His Angels will their intelligence be,
How closely they 'r prest in their Canvas hold
And they want the State-souldier to set them
all free,
Let them pine and be hang'd, we'l merrily sing
Who hath nothing to lose, may cry, God bless
Then since, &c. (the King.

The Maidens Complaint.

When Flora has mantled the Meadows with Flowers,
And richly adorned her beautiful Bowers,
I said she sate sighing, and often did moan,
saying, Love hath betraid her, & left her alone

2. Ile spit at the Tyrant that hath me betraid
And tax him with falshood for wronging a maid
Ile call him blind Archer, & treacherous Boy,
Cause he with his engine my love doth annoy.

3. But if he preserveth my heart as he should,
And wounds me not deper with arows of gold
Ile honor his precepts with clapping of hands
And still be obedient to all his commands.

Canary's Coronation.

Come let's purge our brains,
From Ale and Grains,
They do smell of Anarchy:
Let's chuse a King,
From whose blood may spring,
Such a sparkling Progeny,
It will be fit, strow mine in it,
Whose flames are bright and clear,
We'l bind our hands with Drap-mens bands,
When as we may be freer,
Why should we dramp, or baselp stamp
To popular Ale or Beer:

2. Who shall be King, now comes the thing
For the which we all are met?
Claret is a Prince, that hath long since,
In the Royal Order set:
His face is spread with a warlike red,
And so he loves to see men,
When he hears the sway, his subjects they
Shall be as good as free men,
But here's the Plot almost forgot,
'Tis too much burnt with women.

3. For the river of Rhine is a valiant Vine,
That can all other replenish,
Let's then consent to the Government,
And the Royal Rule of Rhenish:
The German wine, will warm the Chine,
And frisk in every vein,
'Twill make the Bride forget to chide
And call him to't again;
But that's not all, he is too small,
To be our Soveraign.

4. Let us never think of a noble drink,
But with notes advance on high:
Let's proclaim good Canary's name,
Heaven bless his Majesty,
He is a King in every thing,
Whose nature doth renounce all,
He'l make us skip and nimbly trip,
From Ceiling to the Ground sill,
Especially when Poets be.

Lords

Lads of the Priny-Council.
5. But a Vintner will his Taffer be,
Here's nothing that can him let,
A Drawer that hath a good palat:
Shall be Squire of the Gimblet;
The bar-hops shall be the Pages all;
A Tabern well prepar'd,
And nothing shall be spar'd
In foytal sort shall be the Court,
Wine-Porters that are souldiers tall
Be Yeomen of the Guard.
6. But if a Cooper we, with a red nose fair,
In any part of the Town,
The Cooper shall with his Ads-ropal,
Bear the Scepter of the Crown.
Young wits that wash away their Cash,
In wine and recreation,
Who hates Ale and Beer, shal be welcome here
To give their approbation,
He shall all pow, that will allow
Canary's Coronation.

The Lovers complaint.

TEl me ye wandring spirits of the air, (fair
did pou e'r see a Nimph more bright, more
Than beauties darling, & her pears most sweet
then stole content? if such a one pou met,
Wait on her early where so'er she flies,
and cry, and cry, Amyntas for her absence dies.
2. But stay a while, I have informd pou ill,

were she on earth, she had bin with me till
Fly, fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,
and see what Star is lately fixed there;
If any brighter than the Sun you see,
fall down, fall down and worship, that is she.

Go search the valleys, pluck up every Rock
and you shall finde a scent of her in those,
To fish for Pearl or coral, there you shall see
how oriental all her colours be:
Then call the Ecchо to your aid, and cry,
Cloris, Cloris assist, or else I dye.

Platonick Love.

FOnd Lovers what do you mean,
to Court an idle folly?
Platonick Love is nothing else
but meerly Melancholly,
Tis active love that makes us jolly.

2. To dote upon a face,
or court a sparkling eye,
Or to believe a dimpled chin,
compleat felicity,
'Tis to betray your liberty.

3. She cares not for your sighs,
nor your lamenting eyes,
She hates to hear a fool complain,
and cry, he dies, he dies,
Believe she loves a close surprize.

4. Then

4. Then be no more so fond,
as to think a woman can
Be satisfied with complements,
the frothy part of a man,
Oh no, she hates a Puritan.

5. Then venture to embrace,
'tis but one squeak or two,
I'm confident no woman lives,
but sometimes she will do,
The fault lies not in her, but you.

Upon passionate Love.

NO man Loves fiery passion can approve,
as either yielding pleasure or promotion,
I like a milde and luke-warm zeal in love,
although I do not like it in devotion.

2. Besides, man need not love unless he please,
no destiny can force mans disposition,
How then can any die of that disease,
when as himself may be his own Physitian?

3. Some one perhaps in long consumption dyp'd
and after falling into love may die:
But I dare lay my life he ne'r had dy'd,
had he been healthy at the heart, as I.

4. Some others rather than incur the slander
of false apostates, may true martyrs prove:
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,
Ile neither hang nor drown'd my self for love

5. Yet

5. Yet I have bæna Lover by report,
and I have di'd for love, as others do,
But prais'd be Jove, it was in such a sort,
that I revib'd within one hour, or two.

6 Thus have I lov'd, thus have I liv'd till now,
and know no reason to repent me yet,
And he that any otherwise shall do,
his courage is no better than his wit.

The Womans Answer.

NO man loves fiery passion can resist
that either values pleasure or promotion,
I hate luke-warmness in an Amorist,
it is as bad in love, as in devotion.

2. You that pretend to have a love-proof heart
and dare despise the sacred power of Love,
May know that more has fain by Cupids dart,
than by the dreadful thunder-bolts of Jove.

3. Nor can you love, or not love, as you please,
for Cupids laws commands the disposition:
And I have known one die of that disease,
whereof himself to others was Physitian.

4. For when the little God doth shoot his darts
from the bright eyes of women that are fair
The strokes are fatal, & wil wound the hearts
of men as healthful as you think you are.

5. Those y thus die for love, incur no slander,
but

but with Loves holy Martyrdom are crowned
Perhaps you cannot imitate Leander,
for every man was not born to be drown'd.

6. You say you've been a Lover by report,
but never yet deserv'd so good a name,
He never lov'd indeed, loves but a sport,
it is ill jesting with a sacred flame.

7. Long may you live unlov'd, & when you die
women upon your loathed grave shall spit,
Till then all Gentlemen shall swear you lie,
to try your courage, as you did your wit.

A Song upon Put, and Tick-tack.

A Young man and a pretty maid,
Sitting hand in hand together,
Smiling on him thus she said,
Sweet, let's spend our time in pleasure,
Good sir, quoth she, if that you please,
a whole piece with you I will venter,
At Put, to pass the time with ease,
or at Tick-tack to hit and enter.

2. These parties being both agréd,
of their best skill to make a tryal,
Though he at Put to learn had néd,
yet he would give her no denial,
Good sir, quoth she, come life with me,
those that life least shall have the dealing,
Hers was an Ace, his was a Tre,

quoth

quoth he I was deceiv'd in feeling.

3. She dealt to him, he put to her,
his game was good, she durst not see him;
To win the game she would be glad,
he was the first, and had the dealing,
And to be brief, three was the bet,
and he got two, e're she got any,
An yet she swore she would him beat,
for at last Put she had beat many.

4. Next Deal she held him closely to't,
his game was good, but hers was better,
He mov'd a Put, but durst not do't,
because her spirit was the greater,
Next bout she boldly Put to him,
and he undaunted, did put with her.
Hers being the best, the game was gone
because they did put both together.

5. Fair Mistris now I needs must say,
at Put your game is far the better,
At Tick-tack I will hold you play,
you shall lose all, and rest my debtor.
Tush sir, quoth she, I fear you not,
which if in your Tables I once enter,
I'th game I'le set you such a blot,
beyond the which you dare not venter.

6. Wilt thou with fair play be content,
let not my ill play thee trouble,
For I have a full intent,

for

for to hit, or take it double,
Duce-Ace he threw, a Tre her hat,
and yet he over-see to hit her,
She took him then with a Why-not?
but mark at last how he did fit her.

7. Now for the Set with strength he cast,
it was his fortune for to hit her,
He sank into her blot at last,
and then she did confess he beat her;
Forty weeks hence, quoth she, I'le pay
my loss to thee, by this good token,
When as at Tick-tack I did play,
I always left my Ace-point open.

LONDON'S Gratulation to the Lord General, the fifth of March, 1660.

A Pæan was a Song of Praise
First made to great Apollo,
When plagues did rage in any place,
Or cruel War, Peace follow,
The blessings of good health and peace
Are such strong Obligations,
The first-fruits of our lips encrease
And due, as their Oblation.
Then let us pay our Thanks to thee,
(Themistocles of London,)
Who timely came to set us free,
Or London had been undone.
1. Religion, Law, and Liberty,

Diſtinguiſh us from others
The French have loſt whats kept by the,
(In freedom once our Brothers)
All was at Stake, when Hewſon came,
To make a new Tranſlation;
England it ſelf became a ſhame
And by-word to each Nation.
Then let us pay our thanks to Thee,
(Renowned George of London,)
Who timely came to ſet us free,
Or London had been undone.

3. Our Churches were contemn'd of late,
Our Laws were but dead Letters,
Uſurpers Lorded it with State,
And villaniz'd their betters.
Poor Citizens were doom'd the prey
Of Fleetwoods Safe Committee;
Ozanadoes were prepar'd to pay,
The publick faith to th' City,
Then let us pay, &c.

4. Fire and flames (like Thunder-claps
diſcharged by Jove in flaſhes)
Which vomited from Hewſons Chaps
to lap us all in Aſhes:
The Anabaptiſts damn'd us all
to diſmal Conflagration,
Or to enſlave us to White-hall,
and Vanes vain ventilation,
Then let us pay, &c.

5. Our Goldſmiths towrs in Lumbard-ſtreet,
and Cheap-ſide were propounded
for Pillage to the Saints; as mett
ſuch Idols were confounded!
Our Perrers, Grocers, Drapers too,
were meaſur'd out and weigh'd all,
By th' Plow-ſhare of John Disborow,
that Standard, which has made all!
Then let us pay, &c.

6. Our other Guilds and Companies
were all condemn'd for plunder;
And (where our antient glory lies)
our Senators brought under:
Petitions for our native Rights
were dæm'd pernicious Treaſon,
Which our brave Anceſtors in fights
obtain'd from Kings with reaſon.
Then let us pay our thanks to thee,
(Renowned George of London,)
Who timely came to ſet us free,
Or London had been undone.

7. Our Brethren murder'd were and ſlaine,
in peace as they were walking:
Out of their heads the brains were daſht
of ſome, as they ſtood talking:
The beſt betook themſelves by flight
to Countrey-habitation;
Who ſtaid in Town, were in ſuch plight,
as Eighty eight's Invaſion.

8. But

7. But when the Rump (as some it nam'd)
assembled in December,
We thought, we had our own reclaim'd
by pighring up that Member,
Sir—we had season'd well
with Salt to make fair speeches
Ith' House for us: but he can tell
no Tale but in his—
Then let us pay, &c.

8. Our Common-Councel were decry'd,
some Members sent to th' Tower;
The Rump did then on horse-back ride
In an unlucky hour:
They pull'd our Posts and Chains all down,
Portcullices and Portals;
Sir Arthur (with a surly frown)
affrighted us per Portals.
Then let us pay. &c.

9. But (blessed day) when thou didst call
the Members long secluded;
They voted down our slavish thrall
from forty eight intruded;
And what remains yet to be done
for Church and State in freedom,
We hope shall never be begun
from Principles of Needom.
Then let us pay, &c.

10. The States of Venice, and the Dutch,

by

by nature are designed
for Commonwealths: But England much
to Monarchie's inclined.
When Noll usurp'd, we quiet were,
contented with that Ape-King,
But more security is there,
when rules the right, no Rape-King.
Then let us pay, &c.

11. If we consider France and Spain,
where Liberty is reason,
The kings their Subjects do maintain
In peace by prudent reason:
For Monarchy in Heaven above,
(The Scriptures prove it clearly,)
Obey's all the Royal host in Love,
and unity most dearly.
Then let us pay, &c.

12. One head the body do's preside
by natures due Creation;
One heart the life of Man do's guide,
One spirit is infus'd in Man,
All's Mortification;
our Graces single be two:
Such Truths a meer Re-publican
or Devil must agree to.
Then let us pay, &c.

14. If Monarchy be best of all,

as (Aristotle proves it,
And holy Writ,) well may we call
him loyal heart, that love's it:
And such the Noble Monk hath been,
(as Devon-shire Annals render,)
Who faithful were to Both our Queen,
and James our Father's Defender,
Then let us pay, &c.

15. Since thou art Of-spring of that Race,
to Kingship well devoted,
Let Charls the Second to his place,
be speedily promoted:
Thus Wars will end in stable Peace,
Church, State, no more shall sever,
Our Trades will flourish, Wealth encrease,
our George shall live for ever,
Our thanks we freely pay to Thee, &c.

A SONG.

ALL hail to the days,
that merits more praise
Than all the rest of the year,
And welcome the nights
That double delights,
As well in the Poor as the Peer,
Good fortune attend
Each merry mans friend,
That doth but the best that he may,

Fair

Forgetting old wrong,
With a Cup and a Song,
To drive the cold Winter away.

2. Let Misery pack
With a whip at his back,
To the deep Tantalian flood;
And Envy propound
In Lethe be drown'd,
That repines at another mans good,
Let sorrow's expence
Be a thousand years hence,
With payment of grief and delay.
And (spend the whole night,
With honest delight,
To drive the cold Winter away.

An excellent Song.

I Dote, I dote, but am a fool to shew it,
I was a very fool to let her know it;
For now she doth so cunning grow,
She proves a friend worse than a foe,
She'l neither hold me fast, nor let me go:
For she tells me I cannot forsake her,
Then straight I endeavor to leave her,
For to make me to stay,
Throws a kiss in my way,
O then I could tarry for ever.

2. Then I retire, salute, and sit down by her.

Thus do I fry in frost, and freeze in fire,
Then Nectar from her lips I sup,
Although I cannot drink all up,
Yet I am sort with kissing of the Cup;
For her lips are two brimmers of Claret,
Where first I began to miscarry,
Her Breasts of delight,
Are two Bottles of White
And her eyes are two Cups of Canary.

(prim

3. Drunk as I live, dead drunk without m
And all my secrets dribble through a sieve,
Upon my neck her Arms she layeth
Then all is Gospel that she saith,
Which I laid hold on with my fuddled faith
For I finde a fond Lover's a drunkard,
And dangerous is when he flies out;
With Lips and with Sips,
Black eyes and white thighs,
Blind Cupid sure tipled his eyes out.

4. She bids me rise, tells me I must be will
Like her, for she is not in love, she cryes,
Then do I fume, and fret, and throw,
Though I be fetter'd to my foe,
Then I begin to run, but cannot go:
But prithee sweet, use me more kindly,
'Tis better to hold me more fast;
If you e're disengage,
The Bird from the Cage,

To

Believe me, he'l leave you at last.

5. Like Sot I sit, that us'd to fill the town with wit,
But I confess I have most need of it,
I have been drunk with Duck and Deer,
Above a quarter of a year,
Beyond the cure of sleeping, or small Beer;
I think I can number the months too,
July, August, September, October,
Thus runs the Account,
A mischief light on't,
sure I shall go home when I'm sober.

6. My legs are lam'd, my courage is quite tam'd
My heart and body too, are much enflam'd;
Now by experience I can prove,
And swear by all the Gods above
'Tis better to be drunk with wine, than Love
For Wine makes us merry and witty,
Our foreheads with Jewels adorning,
Although I do grope,
Yet there is some hope
That I shall be sober next morning. (hand

7. Now with command, she throws me from her
And bids me go, yet knows I cannot stand,
I measure all the ground by trips,
Was ever Sot so drunk with Sips?
Or ever man so over-seen in Lips?
I pray Madam Fickle be faithful,
And leave off your damnable dodging,

Either love me or leave me,
And do not deceive me,
But let me go home to my Lodging.

3. I have too much, and yet my folly's such,
I cannot leave, but must have to't ther touch,
Here's a Health to the King: how now?
I'm drunk, and shall speak treason I vow,
But Lovers and fools may say any thing,
For I fear I have tired your patience, (kind
But I'm sorry: 'tis I have the worst on't,
My wit hath bereft me,
And all that is left me,
Is but enough to make a Song on't,
My Phillis and I,
Shall never comply,
And that is the short and the long on't.

A Pastoral Song betwixt a Shepherd and a Shepherdess.

Did you not once Lucinda vow,
you would love none but me?

A. But my Mother tells me now,
I must love wealth, not thee.

Shep. Cruel, thy love lies in thy power,
though Fate to me's unkinde:

Maid. Consider but how small thy Power is, in respect of mine.

Shep. Is it because my Sheep are poor,

or that my flocks are few?

Maid. No: But I cannot love at all
so mean a thing as you.

Shep. Ah me, Ah me, mock you may grief?

Maid. I pity thy hard fate.

Shep. Pity for Love's but poor relief,
I'le rather choose your hate.

Maid. Content thy self, Shepherd a while,
I'le love thee by this Kiss,
Thou shalt have no more cause to mourn
Than thou canst take in this.

Shep. Bear record then you Powers above,
and all those Holy Bands:
For it appears the truest Love,
springs not from wealth nor Lands.

A Caveat.

TAke heed fair Cloris, how you tame
With your disdain, Amyntas flame;
A noble heart, if once brop'd,
Swells into such a height of pride,
'Twill rather burst, than deign to be,
A worshipper of Cruelty.

2. You may use common Shepherds so,
Up sighs to storms will quickly grow,
And set such storms upon your pride,
Will blast all I have magnified,
You are not fair, if love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

3. Oh do not for a flock of sheep,
A golden shore whereon you sleep,
Nor for the Tales ambition tells,
Forsake the house where honor dwels:
In Damon's Palace you'l ne're shine
So bright, as in these arms of mine.

The Platonick Lover.

She's not the fairest of her name,
And yet she conquers more than all her can
But she hath other mottoes to inflame
besides her lovely face,
As wit and constancy, (eye,
And charms that take the soul more than the
Tis no easie Lover knows how to discover such
divinity.

2. And yet she is an easie Book,
written in plain language for the meaner wit
A stately garb, and a gracious look,
with all things justly fit,
But age will undermine
That glorious outside which appears so fine,
When the common Lover shrinks and gives
Then she's onely mine. (her over

3. To the Platonick that applies
his clear addresses onely to the mind,
The body but a temple signifies
wherein the Saints inshrin'd:
To him it is all one,

(body

Whether the walls be Marble, or of stone,
Nay in holy places which old time defates,
Most Devotion's shown.

Loves Extasie.

NOw I confess I am in love,
although I thought I never should,
but 'tis with one sent from above,
whom Nature fram'd of finer Mould,
so good, so rare, so all divine,
I'd quit the world to make her mine.

2. Have you not seen the Stars retreat,
when Sol salutes the Hemisphere,
so shrinks the Beauties called great
when sweet Rosella doth appear:
Were she as other women are,
I should not court her with despair.

3. But I could never bear a mind,
willing to stop to common faces,
Nor confidence enough could finde
to aim at one so full of graces,
Fortune and Nature did agree,
No woman should be fit for me.

The Husband-man, and Serving-man.

WEll met my friend, upon the high-way walking on,
so sad all alone,

I pray

I pray you tell to me, of what science you be
Or are you a Serving-man?

2. Oh my brother dear, why dost thou inquire
any such thing at my hand?
I will not fain but still tell thee plain,
I am a plain Husband-man.

3. If a husband-man you be, if you will go with me,
you shall finde alteration then,
For I will bring you in a very short time,
where you may be a Serving-man.

4. God sir, the give you thanks for your gra-
zimple though here I do stand: (delight
But yet I do mean with my plough & my team
still to be a Husband-man.

5. We have pleasure like a King, we ride a
hunting,
with our goodly Greyhounds many a one,
Our horns all arow, their measures for to blow
oh 'tis pleasure for a Serving-man.

6. We have pleasure more than that
to sée our Oren hat,
Not under their Loads for to stand;
but to labor and take pain,
To bring in our gain,
oh 'tis pleasure for a Husband-man.

7. A Serving-man doth eat,
The best Meat that he can get,
his Pig, Goose, Capon, and his Swan,

Therto

Thereto his Pallies fine,
With Sack and Clarret wine.
oh 'tis Diet for a Serving-man.

8. As for Pig, Goose and Capon,
Give me good Beef and Bacon,
with Butter and Cheese among,
And in a Countrey House
Hot Pudding and Souse.
that's Diet for a Husbanding man.

9. A Serving-mans behavior,
Brings him into favor,
when he waits his Masters Table upon:
There is never a Knight nor Squire
That lives in all the Shire,
but he must have a Serving-man.

10. If a Serving-man you were,
Then need you not to care
for tilling or ploughing of your land;
For then you may go gay,
And wear brave array,
oh 'tis habit for the Serving-man.

11. As for your gay Repparel,
Sir, this is not the quarrel,
that you and I do stand upon:
But fain would I know,
If that thou canst me show,
what pleasure hath a Serving-man.

12. A Serving-mans pleasure

Is without measure,
when the Hawk is his fist upon,
To see what hall he will make,
His game for to take,
oh 'tis pleasure for a Serving-man,
13. We have pleasure also,
To see our Corn grow,
and prosper the land upon,
And to get it in our Barns,
Free from any harms,
oh 'tis pleasure for a Husbanding-man.
14. Indeed sir, it were bad,
If none were to be had,
to tend the Table upon,
But there's neither Emperor nor King,
Nor any living,
can live without the Husbanding-man.
15. Indeed I must confess,
And grant you no less,
and give you the upper hand,
Your labour is painful,
But yet it is gainful,
I would I were a Husbanding-man.
16. Then let us all,
Both great and small,
pray for the Peace of old England,
And that we may ever
Do our endeavor,
still to maintain the Husband-man.

A Merry

A Merry Medley.

First Ayr. The Jews Corant.

Let's call and drink the Cellar dry,
there's nothing sober underneath the sky,
The greatest kingdoms in confusion lye,
since all the world grows mad, why may not I
my Father's dead and I am free
he left no children in the world but me,
the Devil drunk him down with usury
and I'le repine in liberality,
When first the English war began
he was precisely a politick man,
That gain'd his state by sequestration
till Oliver begun (run
to come with sword in hand and put him to the
Then jovial Lads who are undone,
go by the Father, come home to the Son
Whom wine and musick now do wait upon,
let's tipple up a tun,
and drink pour woes away, jolly hearts come on, come on.

Second Ayr. Princess Royal.

Here's a Health to him that may
do a trick that shall
advance you all,
And beget a very jovial day.

Fill

Fill another bowl to he
who hath drank by stealth
his Landlords health,
If his spirit and his tongue agrée,
the Land shall celebrate his fame,
all the world embalm his name,
not a right good fellow,
but will satisfie the same,
The Bells full merrily shall ring,
All the Town shall dance and sing,
more delights than I can tell pe;
When we see this noble Spring,
we'l have Ladies by the belly,
and a snatch at the o'ther thing.

The third Ayr.

Come hither my own sweet Duck.

We's aw be merry and jolly,
quaff, carouse, and reel,
We's play with Peggy and Molly
dance, and kiss, and feel,
We's put up the Bag-pipe & Organ.
and make the Welsh Harper to play,
Till Maurice ap Shon ap Morgan
fisk as on St. Taffies day.
Hold up Jinny,
Piper come play us a spring,
all you that have Pusick in pe
Tipple, dance, and sing.

Fourth Ayr. French Tricatees.

LEt de French Monſieur come and ſwear,
Begar Mounſieur,
Dis is de ting dee long to hear,
So many a pear,
Dancing will be lookt upon,
Now de man of Pron is gone,
Be glad his dancing days be done:
When de flower-de-luces grows
With de Engliſh Crown and Roſe,
Dats verp good as we ſuppoſe,
De French can live without de noſe.

Fifth Ayr. French Tricatees.

SPain and Engliſh then,
like men,
Shall love and make a League agen.
Holland Boys ſhall quaff,
and laugh,
Poz Iriſh ſwim in Uſquebaugh,
James and Jinnikin,
touch the Minnikin
Dink till all the Sky look blew,
by this ſweet change
Wonders doth enſue,
almoſt as ſtrange
As Scotland to be true.

Sixth

Sixth Ayr. A new Countrey-dance.

NO Drapman shall with his dull fist apeer
Lord in the Common-weal,
Or Jesuit in the Pulpit appear,
under a Cloak of zeal:
Musician never be noted
for wandring men of ease,
But they shall be finely Coated
and permitted to sing what they please,
If all things do but hit well
who knows but so 't may be,
Though now you be very zealous,
then you'l laugh and be merry as we.

The Resolute Lover.

LIttle Love serves my turn,
'tis so inflaming,
Rather than I will burn,
Ile give o're Gaming;
For when I think upon 't,
oh 'tis so painful
'Cause Ladies have a trick
to be disdainful.

2. Beauty shall court it self,
'tis not worth speaking;
I'le no more am'rous pelf,
no more heart-breaking,

Thole

Those that ne're felt the smart,
let them go try it,
I have redeem'd my heart,
now I defie it.

Upon the draining of the Fens.

THe Up land people are full of thoughts,
and do despair of After-rain,
The sun he is rob'd of his Morning draughts,
they're afraid they shal never have shower again
Then apace, apace, apace drink deep, drink deep,
While 'tis to be had let's our Liquor ply,
The Drainers are up, and a coyl they do keep,
And threaten to drain our Kingdom dry.

2. The new Philosophers rob us of fire, (theft
and by reason do strive to maintain their
But if the fresh waters bryin to retire,
we shall shortly have never an element left,
Then apace, &c.

3. Our deepest waters are now dry land,
and Eels are turn'd to serpents there;
Hold Father Thames plays not the man,
then farewel to all our good English Beer.
Then apace, &c.

4. The Dutch man hath a thirsty soul,
and our Cellars are subject to his call,
Let every man then take hold of his Bowl.
'tis pity the German Sea should have all.
Then apace, &c.

5. Summon all the brave Lads then that love
to be merry,
and let every man lay his hand on the bowl,
And swear we'l compel them to finde us old
Sherry,
that so still our Bully March-beer have stole,
Then apace, &c.

6. Why should we stay here then, and perish
with thirst?
to the New-world i'th Moon away let us go;
For if the Dutch Colony get thither first,
'tis a hundred to one but they'l drain that too
Then apace, &c.

A Song in praise of Canary.

LIsten I pray, to the words I've to say,
in memory firm and certain,
Rich wine doth us raise, to y honor of the days
Quod non facere desertim.

2. Of all the juice, that the Gods do produce,
Sack shall be preferred before 'um:
It's Sack that shall, create us all,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Virorum.

3. We abandon Ale, and Beer that is stale,
Rosa-solis, and damnable Hum;
But we will crack, in the praise of Sack,
against Omne quod exit in um.

4. This is the wine in former time,

each wisest of the Magi,
Was wont to carouze, and frolickly bowze,
Recubans sub tegmine sagi.

5. Let the hop be their bain, and the Pox be their pain,
let the Gout and the Collick pine 'um,
That offer to shrink from taking this Drink,
Seu Græcum, sive Latinum.

6. Let the Glass go round, let the Quart-pot sound
let each man do as he's done co;
Avaunt you that hug, the abominable Jugg,
'mongst us Hetaroclita sunto.

7. Sack's onely divine, Beer's draff for a swine,
there's no such mud as Ale is;
In which they y wallow, a pox take their swallow,
Sunt Talpa Dama Canalis.

8. There's no such disease, as he ẏ doth please,
with Ale and Beer for to shame us:
Its Sack makes us sing, Hi-ding, a-ding, ding
Musa Apollo majora Canamus.

9. When I've Sack in my brain, I'm in a mery vain,
and this my onely bliss is:
He that is most wise I can him despise,
Mecum confertur Ulysses.

10. How it clears the brain? how it warms the vein
how against all crosses it arms us?
how it makes him thats poor courageous & roar
Et mutatus dicere formas.

11. Give me my boy, my delight and my joy,
to the Lad that never drinks Ale,
Up Sack he that claps us, into our Syntaxis,
Est verbum personale.

12. Art thou sick or lame, or are thy wits in
call for Sack, and thou shalt have it; (blame
Then do not rise, but be very wise,
Cui una natura negabit.

13. We have merry-go-downs, we have jovial
pet nothing comes at random; (rounds,
When you come to pay, do you shrink away,
Id est commune notandum.

14. He that drinks still and ne're has his fill,
has a passage like a Conduit,
He still doth aspire, his rapture's on fire,
Si Æthera Æthera fundit.

15. I have told you plain, and I tell you again
he he as mad as Orlando,
He is but an Ass: and so let him pass,
Nisi bibit ostia stando.

The Protecting Brewer.

A Brewer may be a Burgess grave,
and carry the matter so fine and so brave,
That he the better may clap the knave,
which no body can deny.

2. A Brewer may be a Parliament-man,
For there the knavery first began,

And

And brew most cunning Plots he can,
which, &c.

3. A Brewer may put on a Nabal face,
And march to the wars with such a grace,
That he may get a Captains place.
which, &c.

4. A Brewer may speak so monstrous well,
That he may raise strange things to tell,
And so be made a Colonel,
which, &c.

5. A Brewer may make his foes to flee,
And raise his fortunes, so that he,
Liutenant-General may be,
which, &c.

6. A Brewer may be like a Fox in a Cub,
And teach a Lecture out of a Tub,
And give the wicked world a rub,
which, &c.

7. A Brewer by's Excise and Rate,
Will promise his Army he knows what,
And set it upon the Colledge-gate,
which, &c.

8. Methinks I hear one say to me,

Pray why may not a Brewer be,
Lord Chancellor o'th University,
which, &c.

10. A Brewer may be as bold as a Hector,
When he has drunk off his Cup of Nectar,
And a Brewer may be a Lord Protector,
which, &c.

11. Now here remains the strangest thing,
How this Brewer about his liquor doth bring
To be an Emperor, or a King,
which, &c,

12. A Brewer may do what he thinks well,
Rob the Church and State, to sell
His soul unto the Devil of Hell,
which, &c.

Cromwel's Coronation.

OLiver, Oliver, take up thy Crown,
for now thou hast made thrée Kingdoms
thine own;
Call thée a Conclave of thy own creation,
to ride us to ruine, who dares thée oppose?
Whilst we thy good people are at thy devotion
to fall down and worship thy terrible Nose.

2. To thée and thy Hermydons Oliver, we
do tender our homage as fits thy degrée,
We'l pay thée Excise and Taxes, God bless us,
with fear & contrition, as penitents should,

Whilst

Whilſt you great ſirs, vouchſafe to oppreſs us,
not daring ſo much as in private to ſcold.

2. We bow down, as low'd down, to thee and
thy Sword, (Lord
for now thou haſt made thy ſelf Englands ſol,
By Mandate of ſcripture, & heavenly warrant
the Oath of Allegiance, and Covenant too:
To Charls and his Kingdoms thou art Heir
apparent,
and boun to reign over the Turk and the Jew

3. Then Oliver, Oliver, get up and ride,
whilſt Lords, Knights, and Gentry do run
by thy ſide, (glory,
The Haulkers and Brewers accounte it their
Great God of the grain-tub's compared to thee
All Rebels of old are loſt in their ſtory,
till thou plad'ſt along to the Paddington-tree

A Medley of the Nations.

The Scot.

I Am the bonny Scot ſir,
my name is Pickle John;
Tis I was in the Plot Sir,
When firſt the Wars began:
I left the Court one thouſand
ſix hundred forty one;
But ſince the fight

At Worster fight
We are aw undone.
I serv'd my Lord and Master,
When as he liv'd at home,
Until by sad disaster
He receiv'd his doom;
But now we sink,
Ads bred I think
The Deel's gat in his room:
He ne man spares,
But stamps and stares
At all Christendom.

2. I have travel'd mickle grounds,
Since I came from Worster bounds
I have gang'd the jolly rounds
Of the neighbouring Nations;
And what their opinion are,
Of the Scotch and English war,
In good faith I sal declare,
And their approbations.
Jockey swears
He has his load,
Wears the rod,
Come from God,
And complaints go very odd
Since the siege at Worster;
We were wounded

Tag and rag,
Foot and lag,
Wemb and crag,
Hark I hear the Dutch-man brag,
And begin to bluster.

The Dutch.

3. Ads Sacrament, sal Hogen Hogen States
Strike down der top sails unto puny Powers:
Ten twosand tun of Tivel Dammy Fates,
If dat her Ships and Goods prove not all ours
Since dat bloot and wounds do delight dem,
Tantarara Trumpet sounds,
Let Van Trump go fort and fight dem.
Oldest States shall first be crown'd,
English Skellam fight not on godt side;
But at last the Flemings beat,
Dey ha' giv'n us sush a broad side;
Dat ick sal be forc't to retreat,
See de French man he comes in compleat.

The French.

4. By Gar Mounsieur 'tis mush in vain,
For Dushland, France, or Spain,
To cross de English man;
De Nation now is grown so strong,
De Devla e'rt be long
Must learna de same tongue,
'Tis betra den far to combine,
To sel dem Wine,

And

And teasha dem to make her Laty fine;
We'l teash dem for to trip and minsh,
To kick and winsh,
For by de Sword we never sal convince,
Since every Brewer dere can beat a Prince.

The Spaniard.

5. What are the English to quarrel so prone,
Dat dey cannot now adays let deir neighbor a-
And sal de Grave & the Catholick King (lone
Before ever dus control'd wid a sword & a sling
Sal bode de Indias be left unto de swap,
And purity a dose dat do plunder and pray;
E're dat we will suffer such affronts for to be,
We'l tumble dem down, as you sal senior see.

The Welsh.

6. Taffy was once a Cottamighty of Wales;
Put her Cosin O.P. was a Kreater,
Was come in her country Cutsplutterp nails
Was took her welch hook and was peat her;
Was eat up her Sheese,
Her Turk, and her Geese,
Her Pick, her Capon was ty for't;
Ap Richard, ap Owen, ap Morgan, ap Steven
Ap Shinkin, ap Powel, was sly for't.

The Irish.

7. O hone, O hone, poor Teg and shone,
O hone, may howl and cry,

St.

St. Patrick help up Countrey men,
Or fait and trot we dye;
De English steal our hoart of Usquebagh,
Dey put us to de Swoyd all in Dewguedagh:
Help us St. Patrick we ha no saint at all but dee
O let us cry no moze, O hone, a cram, a cree!

The English.

1. A Crown, a crown, make room,
The English man is come,
Whose valor
Is taller
Than all Christendome:
The Spanish, French, and Dutch,
Scotch, Welsh, and Irish grutch,
We fear not,
We care not,
For we can deal with such. Awake,
You thought when we began in a civil war to
Our Village
Your Village
Should come home at last;
For when we
Could not agree
You thought to share in our fall;
But nere stir Sir,
For first Sir,
We shall Hose you all.

The

The Royalists Answer to, Nay prithee don't fly me,

I Have reason to fly thee,
And not sit down by thee
For I hate to behold,
One so sawcy and bold,
To deride and contemn his Superiors,
Our Padams and Lords,
And such manuerly words,
With the gestures that be
Fit for every degree,
Are things that we and you
Both claim as our due
From all those that are our Inferiors.
For from the begining there were Princes we know (be so
'Twas you Levellers hate 'um, 'cause you can't
2. All Titles of Honors
Were at the first in the Donors,
But being granted away
With the Grantees stay,
If he wear a small soul or bigger.
There's a necessity
That there should be degree.
Where 'tis due we'l afford
A Sir John, and my Lord,
Though Dick, Tom, and Jack,
Will serve you and your Pack,

Yonell

Honeſt Dick's name enough for a Digger.
He that has a ſtrong Purſe can all things ſay
He is valiant and wiſe, & religious too. (or do,

3. We have cauſe to adore,
That man that has ſtore,
Though a Boor or a Sot,
There's ſomething to be got;
Though he be neither honeſt nor wittp,
Make him high, let him rule,
He'l be playing the fool,
And tranſgreſs, then we'l ſqueeze
Him for Fines and for Fees,
And ſo we ſhall gain,
By the wants of his brain,
Tis the Fools-cap that maintains the City.
If honor be air, 'tis in common, and as fit,
For the fool and the clown, as for the champion
or the wit.

4. Then why mayn't we be
Of different degree?
And each man aſpire
To be greater and higher,
Than his wiſer or honeſter brother?
Since Fortune and Nature
Their favors do ſcatter;
This hath valor, that wit,
T'other wealth, nor is't fit,
That one ſhould have all,
For then what would befall

Him

Him that's born not to one not t'other?
Though honor were a prize at first, now 'tis a chattle, (poor cattle.
And as merchantable grown as your wares o'
5. Yet in this we agree,
To live quiet and free,
To drink Sack and submit,
And not shew your wit
By our prating, but silence, and thinking,
Let the Politick Jews,
Read Diurnals and News,
And lard their discourse,
With a Comment that's worse,
That which pleaseth me best
Is a Song or a Jest,
And my obedience I'le shew by my drinking
He that drinks wel, does sleep wel, he that sleeps well, doth think well,
He that drinks well, does do well, he that does well, must drink well.

A Dialogue betwixt *Tom* and *Dick*, the former a Country man, the other a Citizen, Presented to the Lord General *Monck*, at Drapers Hall *London*. *March* 28. 1660.

To the tune of *I'le never love thee more.*

Tom. NOw would I give my life to see
This wondrous Man of might,

Dick.

Dick. Doſt ſée that Jolly Lad? That's he;
I'le warrant him he's right.
There's a true Trojan in his face,
Obſerve him o'ze and o'ze.
Come *Tom*, If ever *George* be baſe,
We're truſt good fellow more.

He's none of the Phantaſtick brood,
that murther while they pray:
That truſts and cheat us for our good,
(all in a godly way,)
He drinks no Blood, and they no Sack
into their guts will pour:
But if *George* does not the knack,
We're truſt good fellow more.

His quiet Conſcience needs no guard,
He's brave, but full of pity,
Tom. Yet, by your leave, he knockt ſo hard
Y'ad like t'awak'd the City.
Dick. Fool, 'twas the Rump that let a Fart,
The Chains and Gates it tore.
But if *George* bears not a true heart,
We're truſt good fellow more.

Tom. You City blades are cunning Rooks,
how rarely you collegue him?
But when your Gates flew off the hooks,
you did as much be-rogue him.
Dick. Pugh——'twas the Rump did onely feel
the blows the City bore:

But

But if *George* ben't true as Steel,
Ne're truſt good fellow more.

Dick. Come, bp this hand, we'l crack a quart,
thou'lt pledge his Health, I trow.
Tom. Tope bop, Dick—A luſty diſh mp heart,
away w'ot: Tom—Let it go.
Drench me pou ſlabe in a ful bowl,
Ile take't an't were a ſtroke.
Dick, Nay, if *George* ben't a hearty Soul,
Ne're truſt good fellow more.

Tom. But hark pou, ſirrah, we're too loud.
he'l hang us bp and bp.
Methinks he ſhould be venge ance proud,
Dick. No moze than thée oz I.
Tom. Whp then Ile give him the beſt Blade
That e're the Bilbo woze.
Dick, If *George* prove not the bonny Lad,
Ne're truſt good fellow more.
Tom. 'Twas well he came, we'd mawld the rail
—We've all thzown up our Farms,
And from the Muſket to the Flail,
put all our men in Arms.
The Girls had ta'ne the Pembers down,
Ne're ſaw ſuch things before.
Dick, If *George* ſpeak not the town our own,
Ne're truſt good fellow more.

Dick. But pr'ithée, are the folk ſo mad?
Tom. So mad, ſap'ſt? —Thep'r undone,

There's

There's not a penny to be had,
and ev'ry Mothers son
Must fight. if he intend to eat,
grow valiant now he is poor.
Dick. Come, yet if *George* don't do the feat,
Here trust good fellow more.

Tom. Why Richard, 'tis a devilish thing,
we're not left worth a groat.
My Doll has sold her wedding-ring,
and Sue has pawnd her coat.
The snivelling Rogues abus'd our Squire,
and call my Mistriss whore;
Dick. Yet if *George* don't do what we require,
Here trust good fellow more.

Tom. By this good day I did but speak,
they took my py-ball'd Mare,
And put the carrion wench to'ch squeak,
(things go against the hair.)
Our prick-ear'd Cornel looks as big,
still as he did before:
Dick. And yet if *George* don't hum his Gigg,
Here trust good fellow more.

Faith Tom, our case is much at one;
we're broke for want of trade;
Our City's baffled and undone.
betwixt the Rump and Blade.
We've emptied both our Veins and Bags
upon a Factious Score.

If *George* compassion not our rags,
Ne're trust good fellow more

Tom. But what dost think should be y cause,
whence all these mischiefs spring?
Dick. Our damned breach of Oaths and Laws
our murther of the King.
We have bin slaves since Charls his Reign,
we liv'd like Lords before:
If *George* don't set all things right again,
Ne're trust good fellow more.

Tom. Our Vicar-- (and he's one that knows)
told me once,—I know what;—
(and yet the Thief is wounde close)
Dick. 'Tis all the better;—That
Has too much Honesty and Wit,
to let his tongue run o're:
If this prove not a lucky hit,
Ne're trust good fellow more.

Shall's ask him what he means to do?
Tom.—Gud faith with all my heart;
Thou mak'st the better Leg o'th two:
take thou the better part:
I'le follow if thou'l lead the Van.
Dick. Content;—Ile march before.
If *George* prove not a gallant man,
Ne're trust good fellow more.

Pp Lord:—in us the Nation crabes,
but what pou're bound to do.

Tom

Tom.—we have liv'd Drudges: Dick- and we
Bob. Restore us but our Laws agen;
Th' unborn shall thee adore:
If George denies us his Amen.
Ne're trust good fellow more.

Englands Triumph: Or, the *Rump* routed, by a true assertor of *Englands* Interest, General *George Monck*.

To the tune of, *Fill up the Parliament full.*

WHat maketh the Souldiers
to stand to their Arms?
'Tis for what they profest
to keep us from harms,
The Members secluded
come now in by swarms,
To fill up the Parliament full, full, full.
To fill up the Parliament full.

3. You know that the City Gates
late were thrown down,
And the Walls two were order'd
by Parliament frown:
But General Monck has pleas'd
Soldier and Town,
And fill'd up the Parliament, &c.

3. A dispute there was had
by the Members secluded,
Whether Monck was the Umpire,

and found them deluded,
But Englands great joy
is now wholly concluded;
For he has fill'd up the Parliament, &c.

Sir Arthur the Valiant
must make his speech large
Left the Members excluded
lay treason to's charge,
He'd better have dealt
with his New-Castle Barge,
Than to see the old Parliament, &c.

The Aldermen Grave,
and the Commons o'th City,
Imprisoned were
the more is the pity,
But General Monck said,
that I will acquit ye,
For the Parliament shall be now, &c.

Have you not seen
fresh flowers in the spring?
And have you not heard
a Cage-bird sing?
But if the Cage-Members,
would bring in the King,
It would fill up the Parliament, &c.

The Parliament now will
come into their Chairs,
For secluded PRYN.

(That

(that once lost his Ears)
Parcht in with his Rapier,
for Commons and Péers,
To fill up the Parliament, &c.

Whose often Declaring
has furnisht the Nation,
With Parliament Arguments
of the old fashion,
And would have both
King, Lords, and Péers in this Nation
To fill up the Parliament, &c.

Our brave General Monck
we bound are to thank;
The Honest Lord Fairfax
has plaid (em) his prank,
No thanks to be given
to the Rump nor the Shank
To fill up the Parliament, &c.

Had the City ne're mob'd,
nor the Prentices strove,
They'd lost their Old Charter:
but MONCK had a love
To challenge the Grand Ones
which Silkmen did move;
And so fil'd up the Parliament full, full full,
And so fil'd up the Parliament full.

The taking of *Mardike.*

WHen first Mardike was made a prey,
'twas courage that carry'd the town
Then do not lose your valozed prize, (away,
by gazing on your Pistrils eyes:
But put off your Petticoat-parley,
Potting, and sorting,
And laughing, and quaffing Canary,
Will make a good Soldier miscarry,
and never travel for true renown;
Then turn to your Martial Pistrils,
Fair Minerva the Soldiers sister is,
Rallying, and Sallying,
With gashing, and slashing of wounds, sir,
With turning and burning of towns, sir,
Is a high step to a States-mans throne.
2. Let bold Belona's Brewer frown,
and his Tun shall over-flow the town.
And give the Cobler sword and fate,
and a Tinker map trappan the State,
Such fortunate foes as these be,
turn'd the Crown to a Cross at Naseby,
Father and Mother,
And Sister and Brother confounded,
And many good Families wounded
by a terrible turn of Fate;
He that can,
Kill a man,
Thunder and plunder prettily,

this

this is the man that doth wisely,
And may climb to a Chair of State.
3. It is the Sword doth order all,
makes peasants rise and Princes fall;
All Syllogisms in vain are spilt,
no Logick like a Basket-hilt,
It handles 'em joynt, by joynt, sir,
Quilling, and drilling,
And spilling, and killing profoundly,
Until the disputers o'th ground lye,
and have never a word to say,
Unless it be Quarter, Quarter,
truth is confuted by a Carter,
By stripping and nipping,
And ripping, and quipping evasions,
Doth conquer a power of perswasions,
Aristotle hath lost the day.
4. The Musket gives St. Paul the lurch,
and beats the Cannons from the Church,
The Priests Episcopal Gown too,
and the Organ hath lost his sound too,
Tantara, Tantara, the Trumpet
Has blown away Babylons strumpet
Now divinity 'gins to crack:
the Counsellors are struck dumb too,
By the Parchment upon the Drum too.
Dub-a-dub, Dub-a-dub,
Dub-a-dub, Dub-a-dub an alarum,
Each Corporal now can out-dare 'um,

learned Lideron goes to rack.

5. Then since our swords so bright do shine,
we'l leave our wenches and our wine,
And follow Mars where e're he runs,
and turn our pipes and pots to guns,
The bottles shall be the Granadoes,
we'l bounce about the bravadoes,
By huffing, and puffing,
And snuffing, and kuffing the Spaniard,
Whose brows has been dy'd in a Tawny:
well got fame is a Warriors wife:
The Drawer shall be the Drummer,
we'l be Colonels all next Summer,
By hilting, and tilting,
And pointing, and jointing,
Like brave boys,
we shall gold or a grave boys,
And there is an end of a Soldiers life.

The Re-Resurrection of the *RUMP*: or, Rebellion and Tyranny revived.

To the tune of the Blacksmith.

IF none be offended with the Scent,
though I foul my mouth, Ile be content,
To sing of the Rump of a Parliament.
which no body can deny.

2. I have sometimes fed on a Rump in sowse,
And a man may imagine the Rump of a Lowse

Bur

But till now was ne're heard of the Rump of a
which, &c. (House,

3. Theres a rump of beef, & the rump of a goose,
And a rump whose neck was hangd in a noose;
But ours is a Rump can play saft and loose.
which, &c.

4. A rump had Jane Shore, & a Rump Messaleen
And a Rump had Antonies resolute Quéen:
But such a Rump as ours is, never was seen,
which, &c.

5. Two short years together we English have
scarce
Been rid of thy rampant Nose (Old Mars)
But now thou hast got a prodigious Arse,
which, &c.

6. When the parts of the body did all fall out,
Some bores it is like did pass for the Snout;
But that the Rump should be King was never
which, &c. (a doubt,

7. A Cat has a Rump, & a Cat has nine lives,
Yet when her heads off, her rump never strives
But our Rump from the grave hath made two
Retrives,
which, &c.

8. That the Rump may all their enemies quail
They borrow the Devils Coat of Tail,
And all to defend their Estate in Tail,
which, &c.

But

But though their ſcale now ſeem to be th'upper
There's no need of the charge of a Thank-
giving ſupper,
For if they be the Rump, the Army's their
which, &c. (Cruppe

10. There is a ſaying belongs to the Rump,
which is good although it be worn to the ſtump
That on the Butrock Ile give thee a thump,
which, &c. (a part,

11 There's a proverb in which y Rump claims
Which hath in it more of ſenſe than of Art,
That for all you can do I care not a fart,
which, &c. (for his Creſt,

12. There's another Proverb gives the Rump
But Alderman Atkins made it a Jeſt, (beſt,
That of all kind of Lucks, ſhitten Luck is the
which, &c. (fail,

13. There's another Proverb that never will
That the good the Rump will do when they pro-
Is to give us a Flop with a Fox-tail, (bail,
which, &c.

14. There is a ſaying w̄ is made by no fools,
I never can hear on't but my heart it cools,
That th Rump will ſpend all we have in cloſe
which, &c. (ſtool's,

15 There's an obſervation wiſe & deep, (way,
Which without an Onion will make mete
That

That Flies will blow maggots in the rump of a Sheep,
which, &c.

16. And some that can see the wood from the trees,
Say, this sanctifi'd Rump in time we may see
for the Cocks do challenge the Rumps for their fees
which. &c.

17. When the Rump doth sit we'l make it our mone,
That a Reason be 'nacted if there be not one,
Why a fart hath a tongue, & a fiest hath none,
which &c.

18. And whilst within the walls they lurk,
To satisfie us, will be a good work,
Who hath most religion, ỳ Rump or the Turk
which &c.

19. A Rump's a Fag-end, like the baulk of a land
is to the whole like ỳ Jail to the Burough
'Tis the bran which is left when the Meal is run thorough,
which, &c.

20. Consider the world, the Heaven is the head
The earth is the middle & we men are fed on't,
But hel is the Rump, & no more can be fed on't
which no body can deny.

The Bulls Feather.

IT chanc't not long ago, as I was walking,
and echo did bring me to where two were talking, (rather,
'Twas a man said to his wife, dye had I
Than to be coznuted, & wear the Bulls feather.

2. Then presently she reply'd, Swæt art thou jealous? (Venus,
thou canst not play Vulcan before I play
Thy fancies are foolish, such follies to gather:
there's many an honest man has worn the Bulls feather.

3. Though it be invisible, let no man it scorn,
though it be a new feather made of an old
He y disdains it in heart or mind either (horn
may be the more subject to wear the Bulls feather.

4. He that lives discontent, or in despair, (fair:
and feareth false measure, because his wife
His thoughts are inconstant, much like winter-weather (feather.
though one or two want it, he shall have a

5. Bulls fethers are common as Ergo in schools
and onely contemned by those that are fools:
Why should a Bulls feather cause any unrest,
since neighbours fare always is counted the best?

6. Those

6 Those women wh'are fairest, are likely'st
to give it;
and husbandsth at have them, are apt to
believe it, (to tedder
Some men though their wives should seem for
they should play the kinde neighbor, and give
the Bulls feather (kinde

7. Why should we repine that our wives are so
since we that are husbands, are of the same
minde? (free?
Shall we give them feathers, and think to go
believe it, believe it, that hardly will be.

8. For he that disdains my Bulls feather to day
May light of a Lass y will play him foul play
There's ner'e a proud Gallant that treads
on Cows leather, (feather.
But he may be cornuted, and wear the Bulls

9. Though Beer of y brewing I never did drink
yet be not displeas'd if I speak what I think,
Scarce ten in a hundred, believe it, believe it,
but either they'l have it, or else they will
give it.

10. Then let me advise all those that do pine,
for fear that false jealousie shorten their time
That disease wil torment them worse than any
Fever: (feather
then let all be contented, and wear the Buls

The

The merry Goodfellow.

WHy should we not laugh and be jolly,
Since all ỹ world now is grown mad,
And lull'd in a dull melancholly;
He that wallows in store
Is still gaping for more,
And that makes him as poor,
As the Wretch that never any thing had.

1. How mad is that damn'd Money-monger,
That to purchase to him and his Heirs,
Grows shrivled with thirst and hunger;
While we that are bonny,
Buy Sack with ready money,
And ne're trouble the Scrivener, nor Lawyer.

3. Those guts that by scraping and coyling,
To swell their Revenues so fast,
Get nothing by all their turmoiling,
But are marks of each Tax,
While they load their own backs
With the heavier packs,
And lye down galld and weary at last.

4. While we that do traffick in tipple,
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
Whose jaws are so hungry and gripple;
We never trouble our heads
With Indentures and Deeds,
And our Wills are compos'd in a word.

5. Our money shall never indite us,
Nor drag us to Goldsmiths Hall

No Pyrats nor wracks can affright us;
We that have no Estates
Fear no plunder nor rates,
We can sleep with open Gates,
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.

6. We laugh at those Fools whose endeavors
Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines,
When we that spend all are the savers;
For if thieves do break in,
They go out empty again,
May the Plunderers lose their designs.

7. Then let us not think on to morrow,
But tipple and laugh while we may,
To wash from our hearts all our sorrow;
Those Conspirators which
Are troubled with an itch,
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toil for the wealth which they borrow.

8. The Mayor of the Town with his Ruff on,
What a pox is he better than we?
He must bail to the man with the Buff on;
Though he Custard may eat,
And such lubbardly meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

The Levellers Rant,

TO the Hall, to the Hall,
For justice we call,
On y King & his pow'rful adherents & friends
Who still hath endeavor'd, but we work their ends

This

'Tis we will pull down what e're is above
And make them to fear us y never did love
We'l level the proud, and make ever degree
To our Royalty bow the knee,
'Tis no less than treason,
'Gainst freedom and Reason,
For our brethren to be higher than we.

2. First the thing call'd a King,
To judgment we bring, (than
And the spawn of the court, that were prou
And next the two Houses united shall be,
It does to the Romish religion inveagle
For y state to be two-headed like a lyzed-e
We'l purge the superfluous Members
They are too many Kings to swap,
And as we all teach
'Tis our Liberties breach,
For the Freeborn Saints to obey.

3. Not a claw in the Law,
Shall keep us in aw;
We'l have no Custom-cutters to tell us of hol
For we are all gifted to do it as well,
'Tis freedom we do hold forth to the Nation,
To enjoy our fellow creatures as at the creatio
The carnal mens wives are for men of th
Their wealth is our own by merit, (spirit,
For we that have right,
By the Law called Might,
Are the Saints that must judge and inherit.

FINIS.